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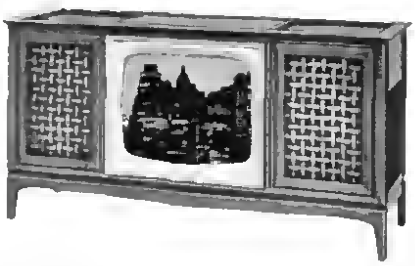

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In 1949, when we decided not to outdate the bug, some of the big auto names making big, fancy changes were Kaiser, Hudson and Nash.

Not that we were right and they were wrong, but one thing's for sure. They don't make them like they used to either.

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Next week

REVENGE is what the Dallas Cowboys want as they take on the Green Bay Packers, who have twice edged them for the NFL title. It may be an exhibition game, but it's also a war.

"ON, DANCER, on, Pride" will be the cry of those rooting for the favorite as Stanley Dancer and Nevele Pride go for trotting's most important prize—The Hambletonian.

THE HAWK is a swinger, no matter how you view him—at bat in Fenway Park or on the town in his Nehru jacket. William Leggett reports on Ken Harrelson, Boston's new rave.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A reader wrote us recently and began, "Not knowing if anyone will ever read this letter. . . ." The writer might be pleased to know that almost everyone around here will read that letter or a copy of it. Someone has to, as a matter of policy, and the rest of us are endowed with the normal amount of human curiosity. There is no telling, after all, what the mail may bring. Jim Ryun's name first appeared in SI in the 19TH HOLE (*page 75*), and our readers have submitted countless suggestions for SCORECARD as well as candidates for FACES IN THE CROWD. A softball controversy that raged in the letters column won us a Softball Writer's and Broadcaster's Association award in 1966. A letter from a Los Angeles reader challenging Richard L. Frey, publicity director of the American Contract Bridge League, and an Eastern team to a bridge match subsequently developed into an annual intercity competition.

Not long ago our curiosity was rewarded again when we gave full attention to this penciled communication from the Midwest. "Dear Sirs. My name is Clarke Hemphill. I am 12 years old and live at Oaklandon, Indiana. My father and I water race dogs. I doubt if you are familiar with the sport but you put a raccoon on a metal float and then let the dogs out of the box. . . . They swim after the raccoon on the float but there is no possible way for the raccoon to be caught. . . . I think it would make a very colorful cover story . . . the date is the weekend of the Forth of July." Master Hemphill's letter contained a diagram of admirable clarity, which helped us understand the rather mystifying phrase "water race dogs." After a couple of senior editors and the art and picture departments had given the suggestion their careful consideration, we opened negotiations with the young man and found him most helpful and efficient in the matter of arrangements and directions. His most recent communication ends, "P.S. Not trying to hog the camera or nothing but if you use it as a cover story we have a dog named Tiger who jumps from the box very well. . . . This is only a suggestion." Well, we took the suggestion, of course, and you should be seeing the pictures one of these days, although we can't guarantee that Tiger will make the cover.

Some suggestions are not as satisfactory to follow up. "Drop dead, you idiots," for example, or simultaneous recommendations that we a) stop running so much stuff on baseball and b) run more stuff on baseball. However, taking into account the fact that people are more apt to write letters when they are furious than when they are pleased, Miss Gay Flood, who handles the letters department, feels that our correspondents are an intelligent, lively and good-humored lot. We do get howls of protest (most often they involve football predictions), and every time we put a girl in a bathing suit on the cover we wait with interest to see what the proportion of approving college boys to infuriated mothers will be.

But, by and large, our letter-writing readers are constructive and informative. We have never been more aware of this than during and after our recent five-part series on The Black Athlete by Jack Olsen. Such a volatile subject might well have produced an avalanche of poison-pen letters. But though reactions and opinions varied greatly, the bulk of the letters were remarkably thoughtful, articulate and concerned.

So, please write. We really look forward to hearing from you.

Gary Valk

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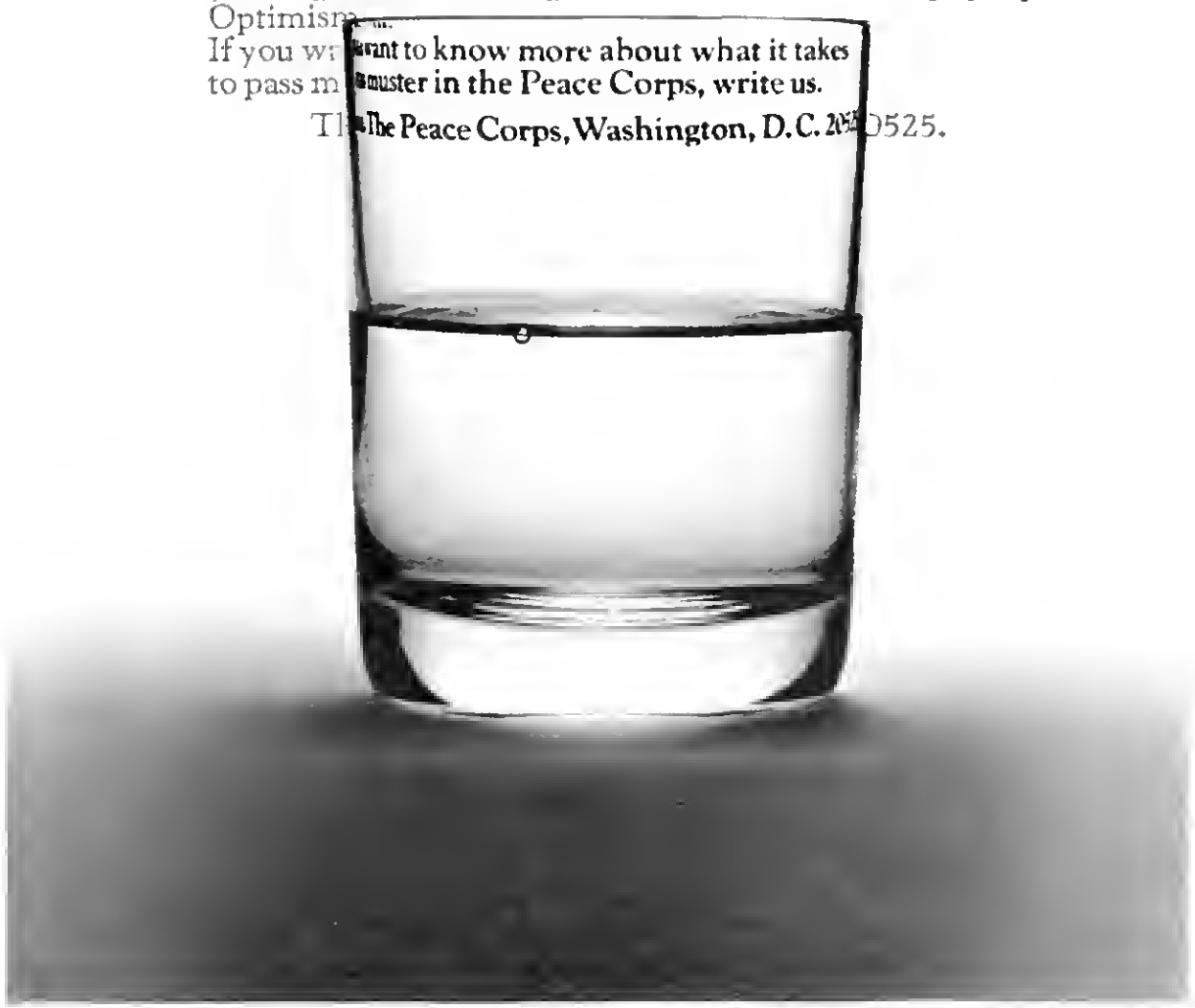

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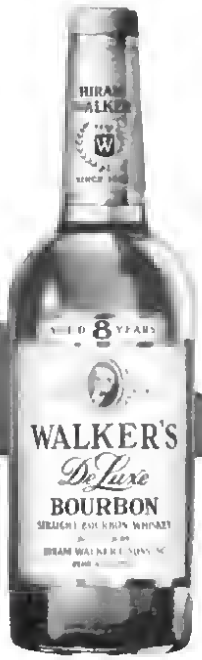

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SHOPWALK

Hey, Paunchy! No need to run around the reservoir. Exer-Genie will do it

If the only way to become truly physically fit is—as some rugged proponents claim—by lifting 200-pound barbells or jogging through the streets at near-zero temperatures in your underwear, then a lot of soft and paunchy people are likely to stay soft and paunchy. But wait! There is an easier way: a seemingly innocuous little device called Exer-Genie, which, many people say, really works.

Exer-Genie is nothing more than a 7¾-inch cylinder of metal through which you pull a 10-foot length of rope with your arms, your legs or (by means of a harness) your whole body. The trick lies in the fact that you can adjust the tension on the rope to resist your pull with a range of anywhere from 1 to 410 pounds.

Though Exer-Genie itself weighs only 1½ pounds and easily fits into a briefcase, it now plays a major role in the training programs of a number of first-rank college swimming teams, professional football and baseball teams, not to mention a growing number of nonathletes who simply desire a good, quick workout in their own homes. The Houston Oilers spend 30 minutes daily on a complex of 12 Exer-Genies, and Houston Astro pitchers use the Exer-Genie before going to the bullpen.

Two basic principles are combined in an Exer-Genie workout: isometrics (straining the muscles against an immovable object) and isotonics (working the muscles through a complete range of motion, against a movable tension). You begin each exercise with a 10-second isometric phase, to create a "fatigue factor." Then, without a pause, you move into the isotonic phase, to build dynamic strength, as well as muscle endurance and flexibility. According to one user who happens to be an Olympic swimming coach, completing the second phase immediately after the first is like doing the last of 30 push-ups without the exhaustion and time consumed by the first 29.

Is Exer-Genie everyman's road to endurance and strength? "The average American wants to exercise in his own home but he won't spend even an hour a day at it," claims Exer-Genie's developer, Dean Miller. "A fairly complex Exer-Genie workout can be completed in less than half an hour though, and we feel it fills the bill."

Miller, who can be addressed at Physical Fitness, Inc., P. O. Box 4074, Fullerton, Calif. 92634, sells his machine ($29.95) only through licensed distributors who are usually coaches or physiologists. "We want people to use it correctly," he explains. "Exer-Genie is so valid that we don't want to see it become another Hula-Hoop."

—DAN LEVIN

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SCORECARD

VANISHING SPORT

There has been a deep, disturbing and almost unnoticed change in the pattern of big-city high school athletics, once a form of sport that provided traditional rivalries, pleasure and excitement for millions of children and parents.

Not since 1965 have Detroit public schools been allowed to enter Michigan's high school basketball tournament. On the last occasion two city teams met on a neutral court, at night, and when the game was over nine youths had been stabbed.

Last February in Baltimore 3,000 teenagers rioted after a city basketball championship, and it took 200 policemen, mounted officers and police dogs an hour to subdue the melee.

Last May in Buffalo bus drivers carrying students from a major track meet asked for police protection after two drivers were robbed and the seats ripped up. Two policemen were assigned to follow each bus in a patrol car, but further disturbances caused the cancellation of the city's All-High meet.

These incidents are not extraordinary. The alarming violence at urban high school sports events is being played down by some authorities, but consider these facts:

Baltimore, Buffalo and Rochester, to name just three cities, permit virtually no public high school athletic contests at night.

In Detroit last week two high school charity football bowls, the city's oldest, were dropped. The unannounced reason: fear of roving mobs in the stadium. Only one high school football or basketball game can be scheduled in a Detroit police precinct on the same day—there would be insufficient police available—and students who attend the games must present a school identification card as well as a ticket at the door.

In St. Louis the public high school league games are held in the afternoon, on school property, with a heavy guard of uniformed ushers, policemen and police dogs. The city's public high school stadium is not used. "It was impossible to provide adequate police protection there," a coach explains.

In Washington there have been no city championship games in six years.

All of this has added a new dimension to the science of physical education. The Chicago schools' physical-education director, for instance, has just completed a treatise entitled *Big City Approach to Crowd Control for Interscholastic Competition*, a work that might also be called *Playing in the Concrete Jungle*.

As a new scholastic season begins one can only observe with sadness how much our cities have changed—and the sport within them.

SUPER LOSS

It may be that Al Davis of the Oakland Raiders has been reading *Poor Richard's Almonack*. Like Ben Franklin ("Success has ruined many a man"), Davis has been poor-mouthing it ever since the Raiders won their way to the Super Bowl. "It's the most expensive thing a team can do," he laments. "We got $95,000 from playing in the Super Bowl. After paying transportation, buying rings with three-quarter-carat diamonds for our 22 partners and our players and pendants for the wives, we were left with $20,000. And the players have probably asked for $300,000 more in salary."

Poor Al. Rich Raiders.

NEAR, HEAR

Research being done at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville shows that present-day recreational noises are causing an alarming deterioration in hearing. Rock music, motorcycles, gunfire and even participation in school bands can have harmful effects, especially if a person is exposed to several kinds of these noises.

"We were shocked to find that the hearing of many U.T. freshmen had already deteriorated to a level of the average 65-year-old person," Dr. David Lipscomb, the supervisor of the audio study, says. Besides the Volunteers, Lipscomb tested 3,000 Knoxville public school students. He found that there was a marked decrease in high-frequency hearing as a student moved from the sixth to the 12th grade, a period during which his exposure to recreational noises greatly increased.

Children probably will turn a deaf ear to Dr. Lipscomb's warning, but he deserves a hurrah. Perhaps if he could come out for Tennessee's opening game against Georgia the U.T. cheering section could . . . shut up.

WEIGHTY MATTER

Despite a rigorous diet, Poland's Olympic triple jump star, Jan Jaskolski, has been putting on weight ever since he gave up smoking seven months ago. Last week his coach ordered him back on cigarettes. Jaskolski's recent jumps have been just too many silly millimeters off.

SPARE YOURSELF TROUBLE

In the future British motorists traveling abroad may have more than just a spare tire in the boot. The Royal Automobile Club now has a rent-a-part service for

travelers taking their cars to foreign countries. For about 35¢ a day a motorist can obtain a kit including such things as spare bulbs for the lights, fuses, an electrical fuel pump, a condenser, a coil, a distributor cap, points, plugs and a fan belt. A spokesman for the RAC explained, "The cost of obtaining spare parts for British cars taken abroad by their owners is a very expensive busi-

continued

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ness. Equally important, a slice of their holiday can be wasted just waiting for the part to be flown in, particularly if they are in a remote part of the country." The RAC says the kit will rectify 65% of all breakdowns experienced by English motorists. For the other 35%, the club has included a tow rope in the rent-a-kit.

LEANING ON FRUITCAKE

"It is the worst professional athletic team in North America," said its co-owner, Lamar Hunt. That was when the Dallas Tornado soccer team was running up an 0-18-3 record. But now the club has acquired some new personnel and is on a relative tear, winning two out of seven games, and Lamar Hunt feels perhaps he was too hasty in casting judgment. Before hiring a new coach, however, Hunt and Co-owner Bill McNutt, who is in the fruitcake business, had even tried running the team themselves for two games. They lost both.

Despite the Tornados' dismal season, they are drawing an average of 2,500 people per game, but that is scant solace. When they appeared in the Rose Bowl not long ago only 1,251 of the 94,405 seats were filled. "When the season ends," says McNutt, "we'll just have to sell the heck out of fruitcakes."

FAITH, NOPE AND DRAPEAU

On August 7, Montreal came within five minutes of returning its franchise to the National League. At the conclusion of a dismal meeting that produced no real hope for either a satisfactory temporary stadium or a permanent domed structure, there appeared to be nothing left but to announce the surrender to the waiting press. Mayor Jean Drapeau, who had by then already driven League President Warren Giles to distraction by constantly assuring him that "there are no problems, only solutions," pleaded that they at least delay official announcement for one more day and pray or something in the meantime. "Faith," the mayor suggested.

A few hours later John McHale, who is part owner and president of the new team, shrugged and proposed a visit to a recreational area in the north of town called Jarry Park. A local all-star game was in progress on the diamond there, and when the revered little mayor was recognized a scene of high emotion followed. The 2,000 fans rose and applauded, and cried, "We must have a team." The potential for constructing a temporary 30,000-seat stadium on the site was suddenly as obvious as the demand. "This is what I have been looking for," Giles beamed. "This is a baseball park."

There are still no firm plans for the promised domed stadium, but Mayor Drapeau and faith will probably solve that one, too. McHale, a believer now, like everyone else in Montreal, just assumes "he'll pull that other rabbit out of the hat, too."

Now that there appears to be a team, it has to be named. Voyageurs and Expos —neither of which seems to be a fortunate choice—are the favorites. Miracles or Faiths (*Les Fois*) are more recent and more appropriate candidates. But why not be obvious and just call them the Drapeaux? With that name, Montreal would be a cinch to win the National League flag its first season.

OUT OF AMMUNITION

That fine British pastime, croquet, is currently the craze—well, call it the enthusiasm—of the United Arab Republic. President Gamal Abdel Nasser has a well-tended croquet lawn behind his home—it is said he plays a wicked game —and the sport has even become popular with sugar-factory workers. Mallets are being made from the steel shafts of golf clubs (is golf dying in Cairo?), but there is a shortage of suitable croquet balls. "We've had some of our best engineers trying to make them," Ahmed Hamroush, the president of the Egyptian Croquet Federation, reports, "but they fall apart after a few games." Balls could be imported from England, but there is a shortage of currency. Since the U.A.R. government is only willing to release a few hundred pounds a year in foreign exchange to the croquet clubs to pay for balls (they cost about $17 for a set of four), the supply of authentic English models is fast diminishing. And this is one time Nasser cannot turn to Russia for aid.

FIVE-YEAR SATCH

In 1930 Leroy (Satchel) Paige beat Babe Ruth's major league all-stars handily, striking out 22. In 1947 he beat Bob Feller's major league all-stars 8–0, striking out 15. In 1948, at age 42, he was finally signed by a major league team, the Indians. (He drew 72,000 to his first game in Cleveland.) The American League

handicapped him slightly by banning his "hesitation" pitch, but he saw the justice of it: "It was pretty tough on those boys having to play against somebody like me. They'd had expensive coaches and guys like that to teach them how to throw. They didn't have to figure things out for themselves."

Paige's intermittent major league career ended in 1965, leaving him 158 days short of the five years required to draw the minimum pension. Learning that Satchel had been shortchanged by baseball and feeling they could give their fans something to talk about, the Atlanta Braves last week signed Paige as a pitcher-coach. His contract will run through the 1969 season.

At a press conference in Atlanta, Paige was asked about his pitching prospects. "I'll just have to get out there and see how I unfold," he said. "I got bloopers, loopers and droopers. I got a jumpball, a screwball, a wobbly ball, a hurry-up ball, a nothin' ball and a bat dodger." Asked about his age, he appeared not to be satisfied with recently discovered evidence that says he is 62. "They've done a lot of investigating," he said, "and to tell the truth, it's got where it puzzles me myself. They couldn't find my record in Mobile, because the jail had moved and the judge had died."

It is good, if incongruous, to see Satch get a chance to be a five-year man, like Mike de la Hoz and Galen Cisco. But that gesture will hardly acquit major league baseball of neglecting him—or of cheating itself out of 20 years of great pitching and press conferences.

THEY SAID IT

• Hubert H. Humphrey, U.S. Vice-President, on President Johnson's golf game: "You'd better be careful any time you play golf with President Johnson—he always brings his own Birdies."

• Elvin Hayes, former Houston basketball star, on his turning professional: "If I had decided to play in the Olympics, I would have had to maintain my amateur standing. Then if I got hurt, who would have taken care of me? International basketball players aren't that good, but they play rough and some of the players are out to hurt you. Basketball is my profession. I have been looking forward to the pros for 17 years. I think the Olympics are more for the average players. Going to the Olympics is their last chance at glory." **END**

JARMAN SHOE COMPANY, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE · A DIVISION OF GENESCO

The friend of the woman in 17C.

As the big jetliner approaches the airport at London, the young woman in seat 17C grows nervous. It's her first flight and as she looks out the window, she sees nothing but fog.

She reaches out to touch her sleeping three-year-old daughter. How can the pilot possibly see the airport?

When the jetliner's wheels touch down gently on the runway, the woman smiles and turns to her daughter. But her daughter sleeps on.

One reason the landing was easy and gentle is because the pilot used an electronic guidance system called ILS—for Instrument Landing System. It was developed by International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, or ITT. Every 30 seconds somewhere in the world an aircraft lands safely using an application of ILS.

In fact, without ILS and other of our developments, air travel as we know it today would be impossible.

The woman in seat 17C didn't know it, but the day she boarded her jet, ITT had already played a part in her life.

How many ITT's?

When she cabled her husband in London to confirm the date and time of her arrival, the message was sent via ITT.

The car she drove to New York's Kennedy International Airport from her parents' home in New Jersey was rented from one of our companies.

Yet the woman possibly had never even heard of ITT.

The "International" in our name is well deserved. We do business in 123 countries around the world and employ more than 241,000 people.

Telephone and Telegraph?

But what about the "Telephone and Telegraph"? What's a communications company doing in so many other areas of business?

Originally, we were a telephone and telegraph company. Even after we became one of the largest diversified manufacturing and service organizations in the world, the name stayed.

As ITT has grown since those early days, it has made history.

During World War II, for example, an ITT-developed radio direction finder was credited with bringing the Nazi submarine wolfpacks to a standstill, shortening the war by at least two years.

In 1963, using earth terminals designed by us for communicating via satellite, we helped open up the first experimental satellite link between North and South America.

In 1965, one of our satellite-communication earth terminals, aboard a Navy aircraft carrier, helped make it possible for millions in the U.S. and Europe to see on TV the recovery of Gemini astronauts at sea, live, as it happened.

Five times more during 1966 a terminal was installed aboard a carrier and five times more millions saw actual splashdown and recovery operations.

Last year during the Arab-Israeli war, the White House used the Washington-Moscow Hot Line—for the first time in a crisis. One of our companies keeps the Hot Line ready.

Another of our companies runs the Kilmer Job Corps Center in New Jersey for the Office of Economic Opportunity. This same company operates and maintains the strategic Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line which stretches from Alaska to Greenland.

ITT today

ITT today is composed of more than 200 associated companies around the world.

By bringing to bear our total expertise, these companies have generated increased competition within industries and, consequently, have generated more efficient use of manpower and material resources.

The fields in which we operate were selected for growth potential as well as present needs. And last year, more than 50 percent of our earnings were derived from domestic sources.

Much of this U.S. growth can be traced to our interest in the service industries.

People's desire for service keeps growing. So we've put increasing emphasis on it. Our U.S. sales and revenues are now split about 50-50 between manufacturing and service activities.

In addition to renting cars (Avis, to be exact), educational training services, and airport and hotel parking, ITT offers consumer loan services, mutual fund management, and data processing—just to name a few.

Sheraton, a system of hotels and franchised motor inns, in the U.S. and abroad, is now part of ITT. So is Levitt & Sons, world's largest international home and community builder.

We also operate a communications network made up of thousands of cable, radio and satellite circuits, and can transmit a message to almost any point on the globe.

Recently, we entered the field of natural-resource conversion with ITT Rayonier Inc. and Pennsylvania Glass Sand Corporation. These two operations take raw material from the earth and its forests and make them useful to manufacturers of cellophane, textile fibers, tire cord, photographic film, paper, glass, chemicals, and other related products.

ITT and you

With all these services—plus thousands of consumer, industrial and military products and services—ITT is helping you and people all over the world to enjoy a better, safer, more comfortable life.

Just as it helped the woman in seat 17C.

International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, 320 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

ITT

Sports Illustrated
AUGUST 26, 1968

UP, UP AND AWAY GO THE GOLFERS' EARNINGS, WITH NO END IN SIGHT

Five years ago the four had its first $100,000 money winners, Palmer and Nicklaus. Last year seven players earned that much, and this year there may be twice that number. Palmer, who led in '58 and '63, ranks 12th this year with just $78,827.

1958		1963		1999 (*through August 18*)	
Arnold Palmer	$42,607	Arnold Palmer	$130,835	Billy Casper	$146,685
Billy Casper	41,323	Jack Nicklaus	102,903	Julius Boros	144,357
Ken Venturi	36,267	Julius Boros	84,524	Tom Weiskopf	143,721
Dow Finsterwald	35,393	Tony Lema	69,670	Jack Nicklaus	140,904
Art Wall	29,841	Gary Player	60,220	George Archer	105,274
Julius Boros	29,817	Dow Finsterwald	54,574	Lee Trevino	100,616
Tommy Bolt	26,940	Mason Rudolph	46,629	Dan Sikes	98,255
Jay Hebert	26,384	Billy Casper	38,358	Miller Barber	91,913
Bob Rosburg	25,170	Al Geiberger	38,005	Dave Stockton	88,436
Doug Ford	21,874	Bobby Nichols	37,179	Frank Beard	88,005

JULIE BAGS A BUNDLE

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

They came down to the end, like wolves at each others' throats again, and everybody just knew that old Julie would be right there. When the big money is out on the table Julius Boros is always right there. Last week, in Harrison, N.Y., a pleasant little community of, oh, maybe 5,000 trillionaires, Julius Boros, his sore back aching and three of his seven children at his side, lobbed one out of the sand and then ran in a 12-foot putt to nudge Jack Nicklaus, Dan Sikes and Bob Murphy by one shot and win $50,000 and the richest golf tournament alive, the Westchester Classic.

Boros' victory was not achieved amid classic conditions. The latest flare-up between the PGA and the touring pros broke out even before the tournament started. And all week one rumor and then another would float up and down the Eastern Seaboard. Jack Tuthill, the tournament director in the field, would be fired on the spot. The players who didn't sign a promise to stay in the PGA would be arrested, handcuffed and carried off the first tee. Things like that. The rumors originated at the PGA headquarters in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., worked their way north through Washington and finally into Harrison, where everybody said to hell with it and let's just go out and win some money.

Up until Boros' dramatic finish, the tournament had belonged to Murphy, a red-haired rookie who was aiming for his first victory since leaving the amateur ranks last August. Murphy's the guy who looks like Nicklaus, the galleries always say at the start of a tournament. Just like him. That face. Rolls and rolls of tummy. Walks dumpy. Hits it a mile. That's him over there. See? Looks just like Jack. Then Murphy pulls out a cigar, jams it in his mouth and goes bogey, bogey, bogey to finish 40th. He doesn't look like Jack anymore.

In Harrison, however, Murphy abandoned his cigar and began to play like Jack as well as look like him. His 64 in the opening round led Dan Sikes by one shot, and he increased his lead a stroke each day until, playing magnificent golf under the most extreme pressures imaginable—$50,000 worth of pressure—he finally faltered. On the par-5 72nd hole he chose to play his second shot short just before Boros struck his birdie putt. Murphy chipped close, but his putt for the tie missed. Even so Bob Murphy really looked exactly like Jack Nicklaus: they were tied for second place.

Boros defeated what was probably the finest field that has graced a PGA tournament all year long. Certainly the talent at Westchester was more plentiful, through and through, than that at some of the more celebrated, though less lucrative, events' the Masters, which is basically an invitational affair and sometimes chooses name and station over golfing ability to balance its field, the Open, which anybody with a hot day of qualifying rounds can get into; or the PGA, where club pros from all over annually seem to have nothing more than a hot dog, beer, and miss-the-cut reunion. Indeed, only a few foreign players (including Gary Player) among all the professional golfers you have heard of were not at Westchester. The reason, in cold, hard fact, was cold, hard cash.

It is altogether proper, however that the richest tournament of them all is held at graceful, stately, *loaded* old Westchester. Founded in the early '20s, at a time when World War I had created a

spate of new affluence and spectacularly rich men, Westchester was advanced shamelessly by New York society patrons as a magnificent playground of the wealthy. Original members could boast of more than 600 acres of lush grounds with a polo field, riding stables, clay and grass tennis courts and three golf courses ringed with a bridle path. Westchester had a beach club and casino nearby, "the largest privately owned swimming pool in the world" and, in the center of all of this, a towering eight-story hotel of brick and white stucco and castle-on-the-Rhine elegance, from its 400 rooms visiting maharajahs could gaze out on the boats sailing on Long Island Sound

Bill Tilden played tennis there and Johnny Weissmuller swam there and Babe Ruth drank there and the Guests and the Whitneys poloed there and all the Wall Street guys would step into the brokerage office inside the clubhouse after a quick 18 and decide whether they should buy or sell or go out and hit a few off the practice tee. It was a time of Pierce-Arrows and "Bojangles" Robinson and terrapin races at the ball and *Makin' Whoopee*. And it was a time of a 21-year-old cocksure Gene Sarazen defeating British Open winner Walter Hagen for the "world's championship" at Westchester and winning the largest purse in the history of golf, $3,000.

Perhaps, then, Eastern Airlines and the other "grand patrons" of the Westchester Classic, who started their tournament last year with a $250,000 purse and a $50,000 first prize, possessed a fine sense of history as well as of funds.

When the Thunderbird was taken away from Westchester in 1965, after the New Jersey Ford dealers high-handed the New York dealers and drove the Thunderbird right back to Montclair, where it had started, Bill Jennings, the chairman of the tournament and the president of the New York Rangers hockey club, found himself without a golf event. Quickly he gathered forces and, with the help of Eastern and several wealthy banks, liquor companies and publications, came up with enough money two years later to present another golf event, this one the "richest in the world." (It was also, not too incidentally, richer by far than the Thunderbird.) Despite rain that washed away the second round on three consecutive days, the first Westchester Classic raised $293,000 for charity. The tournament now is the PGA's showcase money event and a symbol of how the economics of golf have staggered the imagination even of the game's most ardent followers.

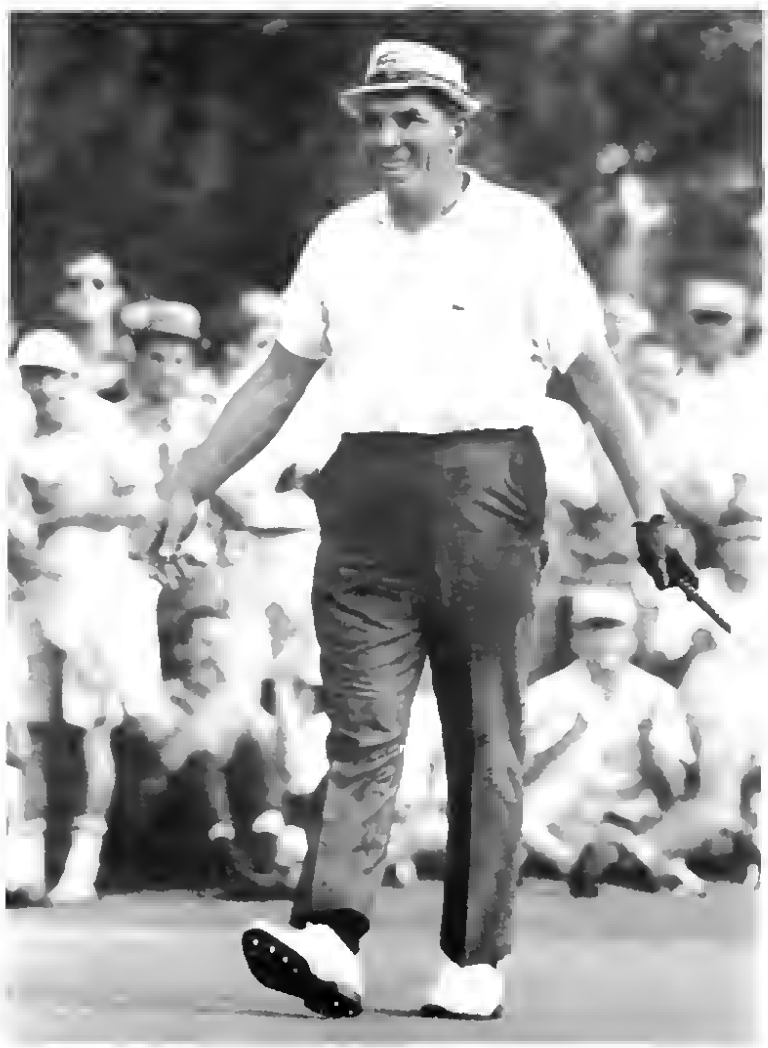
Only a few reminders are necessary to understand how much golf money has changed and increased over the years.

• In 1934, when money lists were first compiled, Paul Runyan led the tour with $6,767 for the year, a figure lower than that won by the first 10 men at Westchester for the week.

• In 1958 Arnold Palmer's leading money total for the year was $42,607. With a quarter of this season still to go, 29 players have already surpassed Arnie's figure. Jack Nicklaus, in fact, won more than that in the first two weeks of August. In 1967 Nicklaus won $100,000 in a 13-day span at Westchester and the World Series of Golf.

• Sam Snead, seldom finishing in con-

continued



His back was aching but the sweet smell of big money put a smile on old Julie's face

Young Bob Murphy, a Nicklaus look-alike, had to settle for a mere $20,416 second prize.

tention, has earned more already this year ($38,456) than in any of the three years he led the PGA money list.

• Two weeks ago an unknown Negro named Lee Elder thrilled a national TV audience with a dramatic extra-hole challenge to Nicklaus and won Akron's second place money of $12,187, almost $2,000 more than a man named Ben Hogan earned in 1940 when he led the pros.

As a result of all of this, the PGA tour, which in 1958 had just passed the million mark in total purses, is today—10 years later—a $5.6 million enterprise and still rising. "Ceiling?" says Dave Marr. "Everytime I think we've hit the ceiling we go right on through. In 1960 when Indianapolis had a $50,000 purse, every man who ever swung a club was there. They came out of the woodwork. Now Indianapolis offers a hundred thousand and nobody will show up."

It is difficult to single out one factor as the major catalyst in this phenomenal money explosion, but television is a good place to start.

Obviously the unique aspects of the sport itself generated the growth of interest in golf. It is the one game that a man over 35 can play well up into his declining years with some measure of skill. This factor automatically bestowed upon the game a captive constituency just waiting to be indulged. With the arrival on the scene of the superstars (Palmer and Nicklaus gave the term "super" a definition it never had under such men as Hogan and Snead), golf began to reach and appeal to an entirely new group of people. Those who had not yet discovered the game suddenly became fans. Then they began playing. And they became superfans.

This increasing popularity led, in turn, to the television boom and enticed all kinds of new commercial interests into the tournament picture.

The first golf tournament to be televised live, in no living color, with no videotape and no instant slow-motion, split-screen, stop-action replay, was the U.S. Open in 1949. But it was a telecast four years later that probably revealed to the audience at home the full personal drama, pathos and excitement that only a man-to-man golf match can generate. While announcer Jimmy Demaret held a microphone on the 18th green to congratulate Chandler Harper

on his apparent victory in the World Championship of Golf at Tam O'Shanter, Lew Worsham flew in his spectacular wedge shot from out of the clover, 120 yards away, to beat Harper by a stroke.

"Goddam, it's in the hole!" Jimmy Demaret exclaimed to America, and televised golf was here to stay.

For 10 years after that the PGA and television had a fuzzy connection in which neither party was entirely satisfied. Nor was either side cognizant of the enormously rich possibilities of a full-scale working merger. In the beginning tournaments such as the Masters, the Open and the Crosby were purchased and sold under individual contracts; later many of the regular PGA events were handled in the same manner. During this time the sponsors of the tournaments owned all of the television rights, and the players became increasingly concerned with where this TV money was going. They felt that, with no bargaining powers, the sponsors were being whipsawed by television and, further, that when the sponsors did get the money nobody from the PGA side really knew how much of it was there.

It was not until 1964 that this situation was changed. Through their television representative, Martin Carmichael, a New York lawyer, the players finally obtained the TV rights to many of their own PGA events and sold them in a package deal. Now they knew how much money TV was shelling out and, of far greater importance, they knew exactly where it was going.

"Our first package was for seven tournaments and $75,000," says Carmichael. "But in 1965, a year later, the dam broke and, for twice the number of events, we went up to $700,000. The money has been moving steadily upward ever since."

For the 1967 and 1968 seasons Carmichael negotiated for the PGA the first major sports TV contract worked out simultaneously and individually with two different networks (ABC and Sports Network, Inc.). It provided for live telecasts of 15 tour events a year, about the same number as is included in the recently signed agreement for the 1969 and 1970 seasons. That two-year contract calls for approximately twice the figure per year negotiated in the PGA's original "big money" deal of 1965.

"We have tried to advance on the theory of selling fewer tournaments for more money," says Carmichael. "The PGA is constantly concerned with putting too much golf on television. But if the networks keep paying for it and advertisers still want to buy the time. I guess we're not overexposing ourselves yet."

(In the midst of the PGA's internecine struggle last week Carmichael went ahead and quietly closed part of the new TV contract involving a four-tournament package of Doral, Greensboro, New Orleans and Atlanta. It is fairly certain that no matter what the eventual outcome of the players' revolt, both players and sponsors will honor their television commitments.)

In recent years more and more tournaments are being supported, if not entirely taken over, by such giant business sponsors as Ford, Buick, Eastern, Kaiser and Kemper Life Assurance. As this trend continues, as the demand for more and richer golf tournaments exceeds the number of weeks in which to play them, the PGA is faced with a dilemma: either replace the older but cheaper events with new, more lucrative tournaments or turn down the new offers in order to stand fast with old friends. However, for all the sponsors the question is, in effect: What can you do for me now? And the solution ultimately will depend on who comes up with the most money.

"We have two responsibilities, one to the players and one to the sponsors," says Frank Beard, a member of the players' tournament committee. "But we've got to think our primary obligation is to the players. How can we tell our guys that we've turned down maybe a million more dollars next year in order to retain all of our old sponsors? Tournament golf is a sponsor's sideline; it's a player's livelihood. All we've received over the last few months is criticism about being money-grabbing, power-hungry, poor little rich boys, and we're tired of it. Most of us would like to see this whole problem out in the marketplace."

In the light of the many new offers of tournaments received by the PGA, a letter from the tournament committee was sent out in May informing all sponsors of tournaments held during the summer months that their events were up for review (SI, June 3). The wording of the letter (and its use of specific figures) was unfortunate, because it has been misinterpreted as a demand by the PGA that all sponsors come up with a $200,000 purse or else.

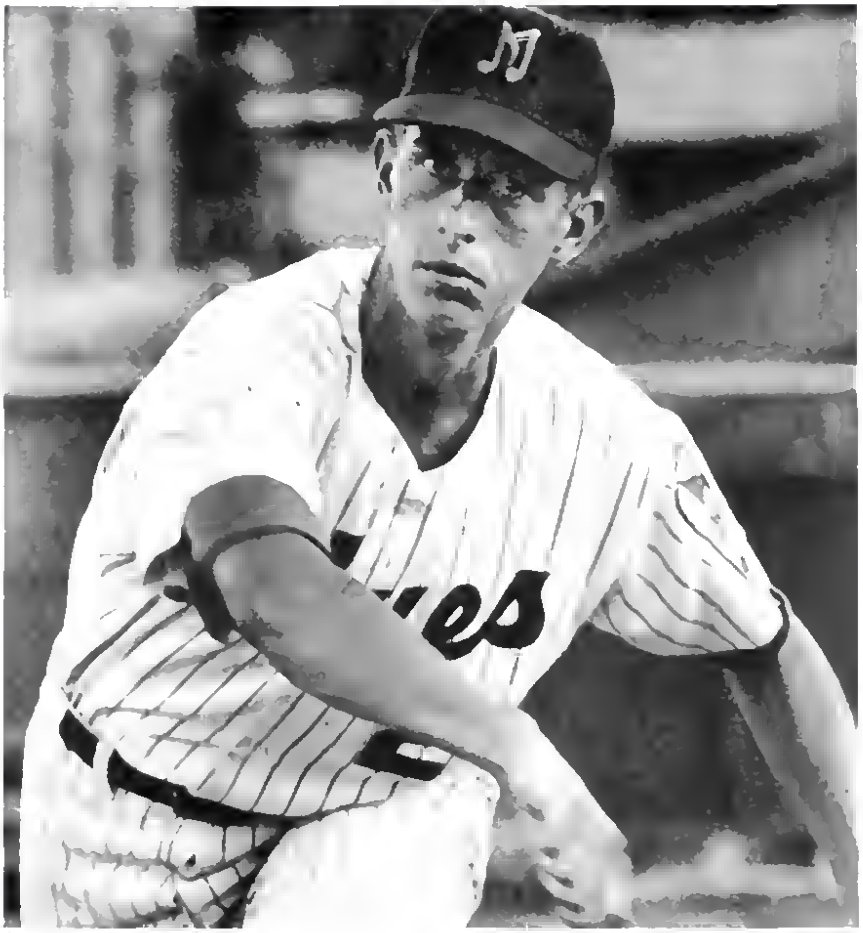
"We aren't trying to dump anybody indiscriminately," says Jack Nicklaus, another member of the committee. "We have just explained our situation and we have told everyone that, after this review, we will call in the sponsors of our weakest tournaments—and these are not necessarily the cheapest ones—and try to agree upon some improvements. The figures we talk about are mostly intangibles. Contrary to what a lot of people believe, a good golf tournament is made up of more than just money."

For the future, however, it is money that does all of the important talking. Next March the National Airlines Open at the Miami Country Club will become the third $200,000-plus purse on the tour, joining the Westchester Classic and the Milwaukee Open, and there is much talk of a $300,000 tournament —backed by Wall Street money and to be held at Shinnecock Hills in Southampton—that would appear as early as the fall of 1969.

Just last week the Greater Greensboro Open announced it was raising its purse to $160,000, with Allied Chemical picking up the tab for the first-place check of $32,000. In 10 years Greensboro has increased its purse by $145,000 and its first-place money by $30,000. At that rate, the GGO of 1979 will pay $1,696,000 and first place will be worth $512,000.

As long as the PGA tour remains exempt from overexposure and is handled properly, efficiently and in a businesslike manner, there is no reason why it can't grow even larger than it is, no matter who eventually does the handling.

It is only when the pros overreach themselves and accept, rather than turn down, such a circus offer as was made recently (to play 72 holes at night under the lights in Las Vegas) that they will be in danger. Jackie Gleason himself reportedly is considering a $500,000 golf tournament in Miami Beach. Not much. Just twice Westchester. Just The Great One putting on The Greatest One, presumably 144 holes to be played underwater in the swimming pool of the Fontainebleau Hotel while Claude Kirk hands out scorecards, John Wayne gives inspirational readings and 8,000 leftover "Rocky" campaign balloons float to the surface. **END**



Fireballer Dennis Musgreves, signed by the Mets for $100,000, works painfully now, developing his curve in Memphis

Behind every pitcher hurling a shutout game in this season of the vanishing hitters are plenty who threw too hard too early in their careers. A majority are now out of baseball or recuperating in its boondocks **by MARK MULVOY**

SORE SPOTS IN A BIG-ARM YEAR

Every time Denny McLain chug-a-lugs another dozen Pepsis and wins another game, Jim Bouton of the Seattle Angels drinks a glass of Knox Gelatine and walks to the bullpen to experiment with his knuckleball. Every time Bob Gibson mercilessly strikes out some defenseless hitter, Jim Palmer of the Elmira Pioneers winces and thinks, "There I was just two years ago, getting ready to pitch in the World Series." And every time Don Drysdale or Juan Marichal shuts out a team of .193 hitters, faceless kids like Tom Fletcher and Dennis Musgraves try a little harder to fool the hitters in Denver and Memphis with their slow, breaking pitches.

This year, while the McLains and Gibsons and Drysdales and Marichals dominate the pitching revolution in the major leagues, the Boutons and Palmers and Fletchers and Musgraves linger obscurely in the minor leagues—all trying to recover from sore arms. They are only a handful of the sore-armed victims of present-day baseball.

Wally Bunker, 23, Don Sutton, 23, and Gary Nolan, 20, developed bad arms after instant success with the Orioles, Dodgers and Reds. They still are pitching in the major leagues, but the most any of them has been able to achieve is five victories. Most of baseball's other sore-armed pitchers are not as fortunate as these three. For every strong-armed Ferguson Jenkins or Luis Tiant, who take their regular pitching rotations in Chicago and Cleveland, there are five Fred Newmans and Tom Kelleys and Chuck Estradas and Art Mahaffeys and Jerry Walkers, who savored success for a short time and then silently faded into the obscurity of El Paso or Waterbury, their arms stitched up or cast in a sling.

The guilty party in most sore-arm cases is baseball's front office—the general managers and club presidents who meditate over the best 86 Proof and seem more obsessed with the count of the turnstiles than the physical capabilities of their athletes. What has happened is this: in its haste to create instant McLains or Gibsons or Tiants, pitchers who win about every four days and attract large crowds at the same time, the baseball hierarchy has subjected tender, young pitching arms to intolerable pressures. Management seems to operate on the theory that if it produces one good young pitcher and six sore-armed kids

every year, then all is well in the conference room. Perhaps it is.

So the scouts sign gangs of promising young throwers, and the front office assigns them to Williamsport or Aberdeen or Sioux Falls. It does not matter that these teams probably do not have pitching instructors or adequate medical and training-room facilities. There are 10 pitchers on the minor league roster; the big club hopes maybe one of them will make it to the majors.

One pitcher usually does—for a while, anyway—until his arm becomes sore. In most cases the big-league team has simply overworked an arm that was not ready for major league ball. Consider the records of four young pitchers.

1) Wally Bunker pitched 99 innings and had a 10-1 record for Stockton, Calif. in 1963. The next year he pitched 214 innings and won 19 games for the Orioles. In 1965 he began to complain of a sore arm. Three years later he opened the 1968 season at Rochester.

2) Don Sutton pitched 249 innings in his first two seasons of pro ball in the Dodger organization. In 1966 he was the No. 4 starter for the Dodgers and pitched 226 innings—winning 12 games. He did not pitch in the World Series that fall, however. His arm was sore.

3) Gary Nolan pitched 104 innings for Sioux Falls in 1966, his first season as a pro. Last year he hurled 227 innings for the Cincinnati Reds and won 14 games. This year, complaining of a sore and tired arm, he has pitched 81 innings and won five games.

4) Jim Palmer pitched 221 innings in his first two seasons of pro ball. In 1966 he worked 208 innings for the Orioles and beat Sandy Koufax (who pitched only 205 innings in his first three years as a Dodger) in the World Series. Last year, his arm very sore, he threw for only 83 innings. Now he is in Elmira and thinks of becoming a first baseman.

These four pitchers managed to have at least one outstanding year in the major leagues. Many others have not been that lucky. Six years ago the Tigers gave a lefthander, Tom Fletcher, more than $50,000 to drop out of the University of Illinois. Fletcher pitched at Knoxville for a few months, then in September he was brought up to Detroit. Within two weeks he was in Henry Ford Hospital—his left side paralyzed. "I had what they call thrombophlebitis, a disease of the veins," Fletcher said the other day between starts for the Denver Bears of the Pacific Coast League. "I couldn't play in 1963 because I had to wear an elastic case that served as a blood pump for the veins in my arm. I pumped it 300 times a day to get the blood circulating."

Fletcher returned to baseball in 1964, but his arm was sorrowfully weak. Last month, still unable to throw hard, he was given his release. He negotiated a contract with Denver, a Minnesota farm team. "The expansion draft is in the fall," he said, "and if I don't get picked up—or if the Twins don't invite me to spring training—I'll go home to Danville, Ill. and finish up my schooling."

Four years ago the New York Mets gave fastballer Dennis Musgraves more than $100,000—still the largest bonus in their history—to drop out of the University of Missouri. Unfortunately, Musgraves injured his elbow. Fortunately, he stayed with baseball, trying to work out his miseries as a relief specialist for the Memphis Blues of the Texas League.

"It happened after I had pitched for the Mets in Chicago in July of 1965," Musgraves said the other day. "I had started against the Cubs and was losing 1–0 when they took me out for a pinch hitter in the seventh inning. The next day my right elbow was so swollen I could hardly lift it. I had an exploratory operation that fall, and then in August of 1966—a year after it all happened—they did a do-or-die operation and took a bone out of my elbow."

His fastball gone for good, Musgraves now throws sharp-breaking curveballs and off-speed pitches that he hopes will be hit into the ground—and not over the fences. "I know how it all happened," Musgraves said. "I'm sure the same thing happens to every kid who comes down with a bad arm. You get a chance to pitch in the majors, and maybe you're not really ready for it. You go up there and try to throw everything a little too hard. You try to throw a faster fastball, a sharper curve. You overextend your pitching limits, and when you do that you throw yourself out of whack someplace. As a result you put too much pressure on your arm. And at that point of your development, your arm can't take it."

There may be a solution for all this. Jerry Walker, considered phenomenal as a 20-year-old in 1959 when he won the All-Star Game for the American League, and now the 29-year-old manager of the Oneonta (N.Y.) Yankees of the New York-Penn League, came down with a sore arm after his early pitching success. Today, as he looks back, he thinks about what happened. "All these kids—the kids who came up with me, the kids like Nolan and Bunker and Sutton today—all hurt their arms early in their careers. Well, pitchers in the minor leagues must face only one or two real good hitters in a lineup. Then they're called up to the majors. They pitch in a rotation against nine good hitters—and they aren't ready to handle the load. They press too much, and soon their arms are hanging. My idea is to work them hard in the minors and let up on them their first years in the majors."

The problem of sore arms is not confined strictly to young kids. Throughout the minor leagues veterans such as Dick Radatz and Jim O'Toole and Jim Bouton, all of whom were making $30,000 or more two or three years ago, are trying to overcome various arm injuries and survive through a few years of expansion baseball.

Bouton, in fact, now is owned by the new Seattle team of the American League, but he is pitching today for the old Pacific Coast League Seattle club, known formerly as the Rainiers but recently as the Angels when they became an affiliate of Anaheim. The Yankees discarded Bouton a few months ago when it became obvious that he would never recapture the fastball that helped him win 21 games in 1963 and then 18 more in 1964. "My pitching motion those two years was a symphony," Bouton said the other day, "and then in 1965 it started to become violent.

"Three weeks ago I decided to become strictly a knuckleballer," Bouton said. "Look at Hoyt Wilhelm. What's he, 45? I drink the Knox Gelatine because it makes my fingernails strong, and I cut the nails of my right fingers real square—so the ball will not rock during my delivery. The knuckler is in the embryo stage right now. But I'm going to ride it back to the majors."

And Dennis Musgraves is trying to ride back to the big leagues with a curve. And Gary Nolan is attempting to stay in the majors without his old fastball. This happens when young arms turn old, because old heads in front offices are willing to waste a few arms for immediate, seasonal success. END

Jet-Age Slow Brummell

The first feint signs of the football end the silly seasons showed up simultaneously: there were airliners stacked in lazy holding petterns all over the East; treins on the Long Island Rail Road were mysteriously missing; subways end other services were erratic. And there was the Jets' Joe Namath handsomely reflecting this new national mood of . . well, not exactly striking but moving a bit slower. Nameth's much-opereted knees were too sore to pley the first two gemes, he said, so he suited up in his sideburns and stylish blezer to serve as e spotter. Then Joe got fitted for his new double-breasted Bleckglame mink overcoet Furrier Hy Rifkin, that men tugging at the hem, said it wss a $5,000 number, although Joe did not pay thet much because, after all, one look at Namath and sportsmen everywhere will want fashioneble furs.

OPEN SEASON FOR A TEST OF TIME

Rod Laver is threatening to make victory in open tennis his own closed shop. He so excels the field that he soon may not have any competition but the memory of past immortals ***by KIM CHAPIN***

With Rod Laver, it is the eyes that give away his victousness on the court, the cold, hollow, dilated pale blue eyes of an anxious fighting cock. They are not difficult to notice despite the Australian flop hat that covers the shock of red-blond hair and sallow face, covers everything except the beaked, sunburned nose. He has the hard face and the wiry, bowlegged body of a freckled Aussie sundowner who would be more at home on the ranch his father once owned than on the center court at Wimbledon or in the stadium at Forest Hills. But mainly it is the eyes that you return to, especially when he is down a service break and begins to scatter heavy, topspun passing shots from his position of controlled nervousness and anger.

Pancho Gonzalez was across the net from Laver two winters ago in the finals of a tournament in the dank, ill-lighted 71st Regiment Armory on 34th Street in New York City. The best-of-five-set match was even at five-all in the third set when Gonzalez, raging across the net, accused Laver of quick-serving. La-

LAVER, CUDDLING HIS THIRD WIMBLEDON TROPHY AFTER HIS VICTORY IN JULY, MAY BE THE BEST PLAYER SINCE WORLD WAR II.

ver was livid, and the eyes showed in the dim light. "I didn't know Pancho too well then," Laver says, "but I wasn't about to back down to him. I held serve and when we crossed over I told him, 'Pancho, if I'm serving too fast just tell me. I'll wait for you.' I think he had run out of equipment. He would have tried anything at that point."

It was not the right thing to try. Laver immediately broke Gonzalez' serve for the third set, then ran out the fourth at 6–2 for the match.

"I like the competitive pressure of a big match," Rod Laver has said. "In this game if you're not nervous, you're just not going to play well."

But the nerves do not show. In Laver, there is none of the extroverted fury of Gonzalez, nor the almost shy embarrassment that little Ken Rosewall displays when he breaks off a winner, then looks down at his feet as though he were ready to apologize for his skill. It is his disciplined, sure violence that will make Rod Laver (*see cover*), just turned 30, in his fourth year of almost total dominance of the game, the odds-on favorite to win the $14,000 first prize in the first $100,000 United States Open Tennis Championships that begin next week at Forest Hills. With it he will also take another giant step toward joining that elite and vaguely defined group of players who can justly be called the immortals of the game.

To accuse anybody of immortality is a tricky business. Tennis has no incontrovertible statistics with which to measure, few of the candidates ever played against one another in their prime. The one criterion that does hold up, however, is dominance of the game in a particular era, and it is for passing this test that the most familiar nominees can be rattled off: Gonzalez in the 1950s, Jack Kramer in the late '40s, Ellsworth Vines, Fred Perry and Don Budge, each succeeding the other, in the '30s, at least one of the French Musketeers—Henri Cochet, René Lacoste and Jean Borotra—in the late '20s, Bill Tilden before that, and Australia's Sir Norman Brookes in the years prior to World War I.

Laver's own era began three years ago, in 1965. He turned professional in January 1963, and the following year Gonzalez came out of a two-year semi-retirement for one of his last magnificent flings. Laver took his knocks from both Gonzalez and Rosewall, but that year, 1964, won both the world professional championship at Wembley, England for the first of four times, and his first U.S. title, defeating Gonzalez. By 1965 he had begun to dominate Rosewall too, and has since been the top money-winner among the pros, as well as their most prolific titleholder.

To give Rosewall his due, he is still troublesome for Laver, especially on slower surfaces, as he demonstrated earlier this year when he defeated Laver in the first open at Bournemouth, England and in the French championships in Paris. Rosewall, however, is now nearing 34, and since he cannot hit outright winners on his service, usually he must hit one more shot per point than a stronger server, like Laver, does. Over a season the demand is telling.

continued

MANY EXPERTS BELIEVE HE SHOULD SOON PASS SUCH IMMORTALS AS HENRI COCHET, BILL TILDEN, DON BUDGE AND ELLSWORTH VINES

Allison Danzig, for four decades the tennis writer for *The New York Times*, says, almost wistfully, "If only Rosewall had Laver's service, plus his own ground strokes, then you would have the all-time great player."

Other experts, if not ready to immortalize Laver just yet, will at least accept his candidacy.

Lance Tingay, the British journalist whose yearly world rankings are accepted as more or less official, names Tilden, Budge, Kramer, Vines and Laver as his top players of all time, "not in any particular order. Laver is an outstanding match player, has outstanding all-round strength with a terribly good backhand."

C. M. Jones, editor of *Lawn Tennis Magazine*, says, "Vines, on the basis of one match, is at the top. Next in order is Budge. Then, in no particular order, come Laver, Tilden and Kramer. Laver's greatest asset is his very, very rapid speed of reaction and movement and his excellent personal attitude toward tennis. When he is in a tough spot, Laver doesn't in any way retreat. He gets bolder and bolder and uses his wide range of shots without fear. He has sheer bravery and a beautiful sense of play."

Fred Perry, the best player in England's history, puts Tilden "alone at the top." Behind him come Cochet, Vines and Budge—and Laver. "You have to put Laver in there," says Perry. "He's the best player since the war."

Kramer says, "I can't rate Tilden, because he was past his prime when I saw him. From what I have seen I'd put Budge, Vines, Perry, Gonzalez and Bobby Riggs in the first echelon. I lean toward Vines as the No. 1 man in any given match. For overall consistency you have to look at Budge. In another group, just a shade below, are Frank Sedgman, Rosewall, Lew Hoad, Ted Schroeder and, believe it or not, Pancho Segura. Laver is up among that second group and vying for the first. He has no major weaknesses."

Budge ranks Vines and Kramer together at the top, then lists Perry, Laver, Gonzalez, Rosewall, Sedgman and Hoad, not in any order.

"I don't get to see very much tennis these days," Jean Borotra explains. "But I did watch Laver play briefly at Wimbledon. He was *imperial*!"

René Lacoste calls Laver's antagonist, Rosewall, the best ever. "He is a complete athlete who combines intelligence with dexterity. After him I'd put Tilden, with Laver third. The three are in a class apart. All the others come in at a good distance. Despite the handicap of his size and weight, he is tops in service, ground strokes and volleys."

Ken Rosewall, usually laconic, will talk at length about the mechanics of Laver's game. "He's exceptional, he's unorthodox and he's someone you couldn't copy," Rosewall says. "As a champion, his performances and court temperament could be held up as a fine model for young players. But his playing style certainly couldn't be, because he has shots that few other players can produce. I don't quite know how he does them myself, but it's those wristy strokes of his that win. He has so much power in his left forearm that it obviously gives him a feeling of strength and confidence to play those unorthodox shots.

"Lefties are generally expected to have a weakness in their backhands, but that's a weakness Rod doesn't have. And the strength of his shots. Very few players on the defensive, or when running to make a recovery shot, can play as powerfully or as quickly as Rod."

On a key point in his championship victory over Tony Roche at Wimbledon last month, Roche broke off a sharply angled forehand cross-court passing shot that appeared to have Laver beaten. Rod lunged for it, and not only made contact but hit a winner. As if to show that it was no fluke, he managed the exact same thing on the following point.

But most important, perhaps, is Laver's continuing enthusiasm for the game—despite the fact that this is his 13th year on a world circuit of one sort or another. He seems shocked at the suggestion that he might spend a lot of time doing calisthenics, roadwork and other exercises instead of practicing. "I'd rather hit for three or four hours a day," he said. "That's my practice. I love playing tennis, and I'm very fortunate to be able to make my living doing something I like. Practice has never been a chore for me."

Away from a tennis court, however, the ingrained nervous viciousness that distinguishes him so in action dissipates rapidly, and Laver becomes more like something out of a Boy Scout manual—shy, modest, honest, clean, thrifty, neat, kind, etc.—the very composite of the all-Australian boy.

Which indeed he was. His father Roy, now 70, was the 13th child of a Victoria farmer who moved to Queensland seeking more land for his brood, and when Rod was born, on August 9, 1938, Roy and his family were working a 23,000-acre cattle property called Lang-

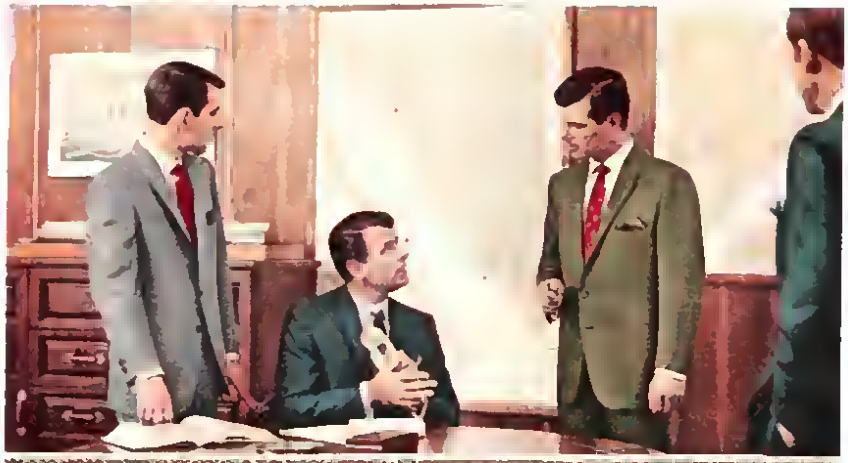
continued

RELAXING BEFORE FOREST HILLS, ROD AND MARY LAVER TOOK A VACATION IN HAWAII

IN BEER, GOING FIRST CLASS IS MICHELOB

PERIOD.

And that's no baloney.



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dale, about 90 miles from Rockhampton, in northeast Australia. Eleven years later the Lavers moved to Rockhampton itself, a town that is just north of the Tropic of Capricorn. Roy, as he had done at Langdale, built a tennis court in his backyard, using the sandy loam that is produced by the flooding of the silt-laden Fitzroy River.

All the Lavers played tennis, when they weren't fishing or playing a brand of homemade cricket, but Rod, being the youngest of three brothers, often had to wait his turn for the court. Says Roy Laver: "Funny thing, I always used to say we would send somebody in the family to Wimbledon one day. It was sort of a family joke, but I meant it. But I never for a moment thought it would be Rod. His oldest brother Trevor was the one who really was good in those days."

In Rockhampton, Laver came under the tutelage of a former player named Charlie Hollis, and Hollis, more than anyone else, molded Laver's basic game, *especially the top-spin ground strokes* that have become so characteristic. A member of the family remembers, "Two hundred times a training session you'd hear Hollis yelling at Rod, 'Get under the ball and hit over it—under and over, under and over.' "

Rod recalls, "When I was starting out I hit flatter, my backhand especially, but Charlie said, 'If you're going to be a great player, you've got to hit over the ball.' It's hard to do. The strain on the wrist and forearm is tremendous. I would end a practice session and everything would just ache, but the next day the pain would be gone and I would feel stronger."

Short and frail, Rod also suffered a bout of hepatitis as a boy so that it took foresight to even imagine that he would grow to 5'8½" and fill out to a lean 150 pounds, and he was almost 18 in 1956 before at last he was acknowledged as having superior potential. Although only the fifth-ranked junior in Australia, he was selected along with Bob Mark, the No. 1 junior, to make a private world tour. Young Laver reached the junior finals at Wimbledon, losing to Ron Holmberg, but a month later he won the U.S. junior title by beating Chris (whatever happened to?) Crawford. He was on his way.

"I could always feel myself getting better," Rod says. "Not gradually, but two or three times, almost overnight, my game would rise—take a tremendous jump when everything I was working on suddenly came together—then level off again, then take another big jump."

Laver was 21 in 1960 when he won his first major title, the Australian, and the following year he took his first Wimbledon. In 1962 he became, of course, the only player in history besides Budge to win the four major world singles titles. He came home to help Australia defend the Davis Cup for the umpteenth time, and then turned professional.

The pros then were still run by Jack Kramer, still played one-night stands like a traveling circus and desperately needed a new act. The last outstanding amateurs to switch had been Rosewall and Hoad in 1956 and 1957, and while the amateurs were not exactly turning on the tennis public, the pros were threatening to die on the vine. "If he hadn't joined us," said Hoad, "we might just as well have called it quits."

Laver signed for $110,000 to be guaranteed over 30 months. His debut in White City Stadium in Sydney was against Hoad, then 28 years old and at the peak of his game. Laver started well and won the first set at 8–6, but Hoad, playing with professional polish, ran out the match, 6–4, 6–3, 8–6. The match finished around midnight. Laver had to go right back on the court the next afternoon against Rosewall, the world's No. 1 professional. Rosewall won with dispatch, 6–3, 6–3, 6–4. The entire month was a disaster. Playing Hoad one night, Rosewall the next, Laver lost all eight of his matches to Hoad and lost 11 of 13 to Rosewall. Losing so consistently was not altogether unexpected, just continually demoralizing.

"I knew I was playing badly," Laver says. "I don't know what it was. After 1962 and the Slam and everything. I guess I felt there was nothing else left. I played five tournaments in December before the Challenge Round and won just one, and I shouldn't have won that. Newcombe and Roche beat me, and they were just kids. In the amateurs, especially my last two years, there just weren't that many good players around, and I could build up slowly to the last two or three rounds of a tournament and everything would be O.K. But that Australian tour—it was like playing a final every day.

"And I had to think more in the pros—like where a volley was going, instead of just hitting into an open court. For awhile it made me think about whether I had done the right thing. Deep down I knew I had, but sometimes I still couldn't help wondering."

In the years that followed, as Laver rose to challenge and at last supplant Rosewall, professional tennis itself foundered, as usual, on the waves of mediocre promotions in the face of a spectacularly disinterested public. Had not open tennis at last been approved this year, Laver might have, like Rosewall before him, reached greatness in obscurity. Laver, fortunately, is peaking at the exact time when open play is bringing a demonstrable resurgence and vitality to the sport.

Laver and his American family—in 1966 he married the former Mary Bensen, who has two children, Steven, 18, and Ann Marie, 17, by a former marriage—live now in Newport Beach, Calif., but either there or back home in Australia the game's new prosperity assures *the Lavers a comfortable life.*

Last year he signed a five-year $500,000 contract with the touring group headed by George MacCall. He has a host of solid investments—including a $1 million resort hotel he is building with Rosewall, Fred Stolle and Roy Emerson in Brisbane. He endorses his own tennis shoe and shirt, and he has promises of more offers. The possibilities for tennis are suddenly tremendous.

"I've always had a goal," Laver says, "not consciously, but in the back of my mind. The first was to make the Australian team, then to play, and win, at Wimbledon, then to win the Slam."

He could very well now become the first professional to win the Slam. Laver smiled. "You've got to be lucky. You've got to be healthy at the right time, not have a bad wrist or a sprained ankle or something like that. Let's say I'd be satisfied just to be able to play in the four tournaments next year. I wouldn't even hope for more than that."

With at least three good years still left, the chances are, however, that Laver may safely hope for much more. "He doesn't have a weakness, and I really wouldn't have any idea as to how somebody would set about beating him," Lance Tingay says frankly.

"If he goes on like this," René Lacoste adds, "Rod Laver may really become the No. 1 of all time." **END**

The biggest wheeler dealer baseball ever saw was Frank Lane, who is now an Orioles scout. He no longer swaps managers and superstars, but remains steeped in controversy

by MARK KRAM

WOULD YOU TRADE WITH THIS MAN?

Alone in the cafeteria in that jazzless time, the two sit, watching all the strays and hookers march by the window, watching streets of pink and orange and champagne-glass neon darken slowly.

"Frank . . . tell me," says Birdie Tebbetts. "You been at this job awhile now. What do you do? The days are so empty."

"For you," answers Frank, "not for me. Never for me."

Another day, Houston on a July afternoon. It seems a perfect place for baseball's annual testimonial to itself, the All-Star Game, that time for reflection and planning when everyone studiously avoids doing either and ultimately proclaims, "Why, it's a Grand Old Game." The Game is alive, too, there in a hotel lobby, alive with bald heads nodding earnestly behind potted palms. Well, yes! What is happening to the empire, The Game? There, look, two All-Stars like that parading through the lobby wearing Nehru jackets and beads.

If that's not insurrection, what is? Whatever happened to the nice, comfortable rebels? Like, say, the guy walking into the lobby right now. Yeah, the one over there, with his hair flecked with gray, his face deeply tanned and seamed, the one with that exploding smile. The old rebel gains a prominent position in the lobby and is quickly circled by old friends and enemies, some of whom are looking for a laugh or information, many of whom are just looking. The one thing all of them are doing is listening, because no one in all of civilization has ever talked more than Frank Lane.

Lane, the former great general manager and champion trader, it was plainly audible, was alive and well in Houston. He has also been reported in a similar condition in Tacoma, Elmira, Guadalajara, any place to which a plane will carry him. Alive and well for Lane means being in baseball, being a part of the culture and continuity of The Game. Walter O'Malley could hunt lions and buffalo in Africa and Branch Rickey could retreat to his Scriptures, but Lane never needed anything but baseball. He was, true, once quite scholarly on the dark interior of burlesque from Juárez to Short Vincent Street in Cleveland, but age has now impeded that research.

"I was also once mildly interested in golf," says Lane, "but that didn't last long. I used to get so mad playing that finally my wife said, 'Frank, if I didn't have any more fun than you, I'd quit.' The next shot I took sliced and hit a tree 60 feet away. I didn't say a word. I just took every club and broke them in half. I haven't picked up a club since."

His imperfection may have angered him, but one guesses that he felt guilty about diverting any portion of his concentration from baseball. Every part of The Game, the irrevocable tale of the line scores, the stretching of shadows across the outfield, the mundane information of the guides and other catalogues of data now so neatly piled on his hotel dresser, consumes him. "I can spend all day looking through these books," he says. "There's something romantic in the history of all the players." Like? "I don't know, there's just a feeling."

Lane is perfect for his current job. He is a superscout for the Baltimore Orioles, which means he flies 100,000 miles each year, spends his days in hotel rooms or cafeterias and his nights in ball parks; he sits in the press box or some other area (preferably where fans are sufficiently deaf or callous to his profane raging), his sharply pointed pencils and scoring book in front of him, his eyes flickering, his mouth flapping. Officially,

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY STUART SMITH

SCOUTING for Baltimore, Lane, 71, is remarkably zestful and always on the move. Here, in San Diego, he visits Eddie Leishman, general manager of the National League's new team.

Lane provides the Orioles with critiques of other clubs and scouts minor league talent. Unofficially, he is sort of an ambassador, an antenna for trade talk and devoted collector of information, much of which is valuable and ranges from the foibles of players (on and off the field) to the latest bungling or power play in baseball's high chambers.

"A guy once asked me," says a baseball reporter, "why I spent so much time with Lane. I told him I can learn more from Lane in two minutes than I can in two days from any other baseball man."

The problem, so everyone says, is that Frank Lane is the only scout in history who cannot see. "Frank often was called a great judge of talent," says Nate Dolin, a former vice-president of the Indians, "but I don't see how he could see well enough to judge it. His eyesight was bad, but he didn't want to wear glasses. A drive with Lane as the chauffeur became quite a thrill." His ears, for years an unused part of his anatomy, are not his eyes, Lane insists. "Hell, I can see," he says, explaining

"That's a bum rap, but I know how it began. It began when one day I called this club owner up who had owed me a large sum of money for a long time. I knew I would get it eventually, but I needed it then. So I told him I needed it because I was going to have an eye operation. The money came. Sometime later I show up in the press box in Chicago. So in comes this pitcher, who is one of them no-windup pitchers. I never did like the idea of no windup. So here is this pitcher warming up, and Lee MacPhail is sitting next to me, and I mumble, 'no windup Larsen, eh?' Lee sort of looks at me. And then I mumble again, 'no windup Larsen, ha!' Lee now has a worried look on his face, and then I say the same thing again. Lee finally says, 'Frank, that's not Larsen.' I knew that. I was just cursing Larsen for starting that stuff. Ever since, they think I'm blind. Hell, I can see."

O.K., but Frank Lane never relied on his eyes anyway, and more than a few thought his performance as a general manager over 12½ seasons with Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland and Kansas City indicated as much. The trade was his device, and they ought to put him in Cooperstown for the way he used it. He went to sleep with his own convoluted reasoning and the waiver list underneath his pillow, and all he ever needed when in action was an ample supply of throat spray, a telephone, a pad and a book full of numbers. During his career he executed over 500 deals, some with craft, all with desperation. The frequency of his trades, whether the result of some psychological compulsion or just an extension of his personality, was his strength and, at times, his weakness.

"I've never known anyone else," says a Lane watcher in St. Louis, "who simply had to trade. And the bigger the player, the longer the player had been with the club, the more excited Frank got about making a deal for him. In the middle of a deal, Frank actually quivered. His lips trembled. His body shook. I've just never known anyone like him."

The exchange of players is not a simple exercise. It requires cunning, patience, occasional manufactured naiveté and a determination not to be lured away from your original objective. In other words, if you need a shortstop do not settle for an outfielder, even though he is more attractive than the shortstop. Lane seemed to possess all these qualities, and he never panicked when required to handle the hairpin curves on those circuitous routes that many trades follow, where discussion might travel over five clubs and 15 different names. On one occasion Lane spent 36 hours over a weekend angling for one player.

"It was Saturday," he says, "and I was in my pajamas talking to Hank Greenberg, and this waiter brings in my breakfast. Then, in the afternoon, the same waiter brings up lunch, and I'm still on the phone. And still in my pajamas. Later, here comes the same guy up with dinner, and I'm still looking the same and doing the same thing. Well on Sunday morning this waiter comes up with breakfast and there I am in the same position, wearing pajamas and shouting into the phone. 'Mr. Lane,' the waiter yells, stepping inside. 'Mr. Lane, is something wrong? Are you sick?' So I says, 'No, just a bit punch-drunk, son.'"

The player, Minnie Minoso, was finally landed, but such success is, if not rare, certainly scarce. The people who trade players are not ignorant of their merchandise, and all of them are aware of the elementary moves and precepts, foremost of which is not to "come out looking bad." Only the gambler, they know, can get busted real good, and he has rapidly become extinct in The Game. Lane was a gambler, but he knew and respected his opposition. Gabe Paul—he wanted $1.05 for every dollar, which made him less difficult than John Quinn, who always demanded $1.10. George Weiss—he was just interested in insulting your intelligence. Bill DeWitt—well, he did not sell the Reds for $7 million, a $2.5 million profit, and still retain rights to 15% of the stock for his son, because he was stupid. Bill Veeck—liberal, imaginative and a bulldog.

Of course, Branch Rickey was the consummate artist. All others, including Lane, learned from Rickey. "He was more like the old frontier salesman," remembers Bill Veeck. "He would load

IN THE '50s, when Lane ruled the waiver lists, players feared that a clubhouse visit must signal another trade—though this time it was just a pleasant chat with Jimmy Piersall. With club officials, like Rick Ferrell and Bill Veeck, any shoptalk invariably turned to trades.

his wagon down with goodies and go from town to town, selling this shortstop as an all-purpose defensive nostrum and that pitcher as a specific for doubleheader blues. The artist in him demanded that he hypnotize the customer with his sales pitch and that when the time finally came to close the deal he could pull the right card out of his sleeve—to undoubted internal applause. The greatest proof of Rickey's genius was that you always knew what he was doing—except when he was doing it to you."

At least in one case, Rickey was probably too effective as a teacher, or perhaps the student Lane had been unusually attentive. Rickey, with his usual bag of good, young shortstops, stopped in Chicago to see Lane. The two were watching the day's game when Luke Appling, long a star but now aging rapidly, waved at a ground ball. Lane went into his usual Donald Duck rage, whereupon Rickey offered his condolences.

"Too bad, Frank, your infield is in sad shape," said Rickey, pulling a list of names out of his pocket. Next to each name a price was marked: Bobby Morgan—$250,000, Rocky Bridges—a meager $150,000 and three players. The list was long, but down near the end was the name of Chico Carrasquel. The price was $50,000 and 3 players. Lane expressed restrained interest.

"Oh, I can't let you have Mr. Carrasquel," said Rickey. Lane waited patiently, until he could determine what player Rickey really wanted to sell in Chicago. It turned out to be Sam Jethroe. The price, $250,000 and three players, appeared to be one beyond all bounds of civilized piracy.

Lane feigned interest in Jethroe but admitted that his funds were limited. "I'll tell you," said Lane. "Appling is about to collapse. I can't afford your top kids there, but give me a fair price on Carrasquel and then I'll have an idea what I can give you for Jethroe." Rickey and Lane agreed on a price of $25,000 and one player for Chico and that they would meet in Buffalo at the International League playoffs the following week to close the deal.

A few days later Rickey's son, Branch Jr., stopped by Lane's office. Lane asked him about Carrasquel and then kept talking about the deal he had made with his father. Later, Rickey Sr. was unable to make it to Buffalo, so Lane, acting quickly, sent a telegram telling him he was preparing to announce the purchase of Carrasquel. Soon, the phone rang.

"I never made a deal for Carrasquel," Rickey moaned. "I just talked about him as a part of a transaction involving Jethroe."

"Are you kidding?" Lane asked, acting stunned. "Check with Branch Jr." Rickey left the phone, talked with his son, and returned to the phone, saying: "All right. I don't remember it the way you say it, but if I made an agreement I'll live up to it."

The deal was announced, and a few days later Rickey was on the phone again. "All right," he said, "now let's get down to business on Jethroe."

"Jethroe?" wailed Lane. "I'm not interested in Jethroe. Whatever gave you that idea?"

Says Lane: "Rickey was a lot of fun, but of all the men I've tried to deal with, the most frustrating was George Weiss. We never made a trade. He had some peculiar ideas.

" 'Frank,' he'd begin, 'we need a pitcher. We want someone good. Like Billy Pierce.'

" 'Sure, George, but Pierce is our ace,' I'd counter. 'We'd want a lot in return.'

" 'Oh, you can have it, Frank,' he'd say generously. 'You can have help at any three positions.'

"Weiss was a reasonable man after all. I'd think. 'Fine, George,' I'd say. 'I'd like Joe Collins for first base. An outfielder, say Hank Bauer. And a catcher. Give us Charlie Silvera.' Then he would say he would call me later.

"Weiss would call back. I knew that. 'That deal for the little lefthander,' he'd start out when he called. 'Billy Pierce. It's all set the way we blocked it out.'

" 'Sure, let's go over the details.'

" 'O.K.,' he'd say, 'we get Pierce. You need help at first base and we're sending you Jack Smerf. He's playing for Centerville now. What a prospect!'

" 'I asked for Collins,' I'd remind him.

" 'Now for your outfield,' Weiss would continue. 'I have just the man—Pierre Ponceby. He's in Class D at the moment, but he's a great long-ball hitter, great speed and a rifle arm.'

" 'What about Hank Bauer?' I'd say.

" 'As for your catching problem,'

continued

Weiss would go on, 'Slugger Nofingers is your man. Another Bill Dickey.'

" 'But George,' I'd protest, 'I wanted Silvera. The guys you're offering are all in the minors.'

" 'Let me explain,' Weiss would quickly say.

" 'Forget it, George,' I'd say, quite exhausted. 'When did you develop a sense of humor?' I would then hang up, thoroughly aggravated. Weiss thought any club should be proud to have an ex-Yankee, even if the guy was maimed."

The Yankees were always a profitable target for Lane; a feud with them always produced at the gate, and Lane was unrelenting. "Weiss is a lonesome man," said Lane. "He'd like to be like Lane and Veeck, but he doesn't know how." Casey Stengel, he said, "is like Arthur Treacher, the actor who is the public's conception of a butler but doesn't know a damn thing about butlering. That's Stengel. He just looks like a manager." Lane is certain that Stengel, who was himself a master at the put-on, is still not sure whether Lane was serious or not.

Frank was not always so jocular, nor was he just a nice, eccentric dissident. More often, he was an irreverent, profane disturber of the peace. He laced into Commissioner Ford Frick for being desperately obsequious. Managers, he reported, were not good judges of talent; they think of only one day, one play. General managers, now—they were much better; they see much more. The one manager Lane respected was Paul Richards. "Yeah," says Lane, "but I never liked him. Richards looked out for Richards, but nobody did his job any better. He was tough and aloof, and when he walked into a clubhouse it was like a cold, sharp wind sweeping through it."

Lane was himself less than a favorite of the players. His trading bruised their thickly shelled sensitivity, and his endless vitriol from the stands dropped like a thud on their egos. Lane, because of wonderfully creative swearing that could effectively clear whole areas of fans, often had to sit in the bleachers, or, on special occasions in St. Louis, on the park roof. Still, Lane was generous with his players, although he was neither polite nor patient with them in his negotiations.

Ray Herbert was a good example of Lane's negotiating technique. Herbert thought that he had always been too easy to sign, and, after receiving one contract, he wrote Lane saying as much.

"All right. I'm upset," Lane wrote back, "so what are you up to?" Herbert explained he was "up to money."

"How's that new, comfortable home of yours?" Lane wrote in reply.

"The home's fine," answered Herbert, "but I'd really be comfortable, if you'd give me what I deserve. If not, listen, how about trading me for a couple of Class B pitchers?"

"I would," Lane wrote back, "but I'm not sure which Class B pitchers I can get." Exasperated at last, Lane ended communications with Herbert, saying: "Look, sign this contract, hang it on the wall, or tear it up." A few days later Lane opened an envelope and the pieces of Herbert's contract fell out.

Lane says now: "I always did what I had to do. That's why I like Ulysses Grant. He did what he had to do. He was human. He had courage. All those jealous Union generals tried to block his moves, but he had his say. To Lincoln or anybody." Such boldness and individualism, particularly in baseball, is often alienating. His colleagues soon concluded that Lane was, as someone once said of Disraeli, "a self-made man who worships his creator." He was also viewed as a destructive vagabond, a mountebank and, finally, a failure, because he never won a pennant. Yet Lane, despite his volatility and undisciplined emotions, was one of baseball's finest general managers. Busted or lifeless franchises were Lane's specialty, and resuscitation was always quick and profitable.

AS A GENERAL MANAGER in his heyday, Lane used hotel suites mostly as glorified telephone booths, just warm, convenient places to settle into for marathon long-distance trade discussions.

Lane was president of the American Association when Chuck Comiskey asked him to take command of the White Sox. It was the one job in baseball nobody wanted, and Frank was warned of the problems. Chicago, then in eighth place, had never drawn a million people in its history; the White Sox were financially impoverished. In his first year Lane traded or waived 38 of the 40 players on his roster, and during his seven years with Chicago he made 241 deals involving 353 players; he acquired Minnie Minoso, gave up Catcher Aaron Robinson for Billy Pierce and Catcher Joe Tipton for Nellie Fox.

These three players, plus the hiring of Manager Paul Richards, made the Sox a contender. Lane broke with Chicago when Chuck Comiskey, listening to people who thought Lane was receiving too much credit, failed to back him up in a violent dispute with Commissioner Frick. When he left, Chicago was healthy, the franchise value (worth $6 million) had been doubled.

St. Louis, which was losing money, was the next stop for Lane. Gussie Busch, disappointed with the ineffectiveness of his farm system, told Lane he had no re-

strictions. Only one player was not to be touched: Stan Musial. "I never tried to trade Musial," Lane declares now, "no matter what anybody says. That is one of the great myths in baseball." He did trade the revered Red Schoendienst (among a few dozen others). "Hell, the way they carried on there, you'd a thought I killed Schoendienst," he says.

Lane moved the Cardinals up in the standings and brought the people through the gate, the Cards climbed from seventh to fourth in 1956, and the next year lost the pennant in the last two weeks of the season. He left St. Louis in 1958, tired of the brewery intrigue and politics, grown irritated at the intrusion of brewery officials and a corresponding loss of his own power. "Gussie Busch," he says, "is one of the grandest guys anyone would want for a boss—but I couldn't convince him a ball club can't be run like a brewery business."

Goodby St. Louis, hello Cleveland. Horse racing and an uninspiring ball club had been taking large chunks out of the Indian attendance. Lane's contract stipulated that he would receive 5¢ for every fan over 800,000. Also a new Cadillac. Lane prospered and so did the Indians, but it was a tempestuous relationship. Under Lane, the Indians moved from sixth place to fourth in 1958 and then finished five games out of first place in 1959—and Lane managed to jolt the sensibilities of everyone. He committed the unspeakable act of trading Rocky Colavito—a local patron saint who induced substantial ardor—he fired and rehired Joe Gordon, his manager, during a pennant race, and then in 1960 he swapped managers with Detroit, Gordon for Jimmy Dykes. "Even though both of them desired the trade," says Lane, in a blush of remorse, "I was never proud of that one." He left Cleveland after the 1960 season, lured away by a cigar-smoking, frenetic insurance man.

The alliance between Charlie Finley of the A's and Lane was comedic, but it was also the sudden denouement of Frank Lane. The negotiations between Finley and Lane were beautiful. Lane, hitting point by point, began by requesting a four-year contract with an option at half pay as a consultant. Next, he demanded a fantastic salary and an elaborate capital-gains arrangement. And by the way, Charlie, "How about a new Eldorado Cadillac every second year?"

"You got it all," said Charlie. "One thing, though. How about settling for a 300SL Mercedes-Benz convertible? That's first class. It goes faster than you can talk. I also want you to drive around wearing a $100 10-gallon hat. So everybody sees you."

Fine, Charlie. "We're in business," said Frank.

The top executive in baseball, as Finley proclaimed at the time, was fired eight months, 22 days, three hours, 18 minutes and six seconds later. Finley was suspicious and untrusting, said Lane, and he demanded subservience—something Lane could never give. "I think," said Finley, "it's most appropriate for a mule to answer someone like Lane." Lane was out of baseball now, and brooded in Acapulco at the expense of Finley. Finally, Finley made an effort to stop paying him, and Lane sued. Finley claimed Lane was not actively seeking employment.

Lane had trouble finding anyone to testify for him at the trial. One executive, who had worked for Finley, volunteered to appear but he never did, claiming later: "Why, Frank, I have to deal with Finley." Only Bill Veeck took the stand for Lane. Lane testified that he had sought employment while in Mexico. "I wrote to all my friends looking for a job," Lane testified, "but only a couple answered." Did Lane turn down a broadcasting job in Kansas City, Bill Veeck was asked? "Well, let me say this," Veeck replied. "If I were hiring broadcasters, Frank Lane would be the last man I'd want near a mike." Veeck's testimony was powerful, and it was not long before Finley and Lane reached a settlement—in Lane's favor, but he would never achieve any position of power again. He would never make any more trades.

Small bursts of lightning move across the window of a small hotel room in Houston. *The Sporting News*, with all its gray minutia, is on the bed. "I was reading it until 4 this morning," says Frank Lane. Next to the phone is a scratch pad covered with doodling. On the dresser are the little books filled with tiny figures and names, the language of his life. Lane talks, but he is evasive, cautious now. "Finley," he says, "is a nice man. It's just that he is like a man who builds a house right down to the smallest of his specifications and then goes and throws rocks through the windows. The worst thing I ever did was listen to him, go to work for him. But if I worked for him again, I'd con him."

His words drone on, your mind wanders. The last dramatic trade in baseball, you remember, was the one involving Frank Robinson back in 1965. Lane is a relic, you think, his kind of front-office baseball is no more. Now the image of Lane standing in the lobby waves through the mind. He just goes from town to town, telling all of his old stories and campaigning for The Game—his last hustle.

His daily routine is rigid: up at 6 a.m., deep-breathing exercises, breakfast. Then, later to the ball park and back to the hotel room, where he works on his reports. The pencil moves slower these days, but his remarks remain sharp: "Bad in the clubhouse;" "the only reason this guy is used is because nine players are required." Yes, you think, he *is* J. Henry Waugh, Prop., the character who oversees a whole imaginary baseball world in Robert Coover's novel *The Universal Baseball Association, Inc.*

"I'm really lucky," Lane says, after once again insisting that he never did try to trade Stan Musial. "I'm lucky to still be in baseball. It's a helluva game. A grand game." **END**

AS A LONELY SCOUT, Lane no longer can trade players but instead only catalog them

OLYMPIC PREP ON THE PEAKS

After much ado about altitude, everyone has pretty much agreed that if they hope to win medals in Mexico, 1968 Olympians had better head for the hills to train. The Russians have repaired to their slopes, Americans to Lake Tahoe—both of which are fine—but the French have come up with the most flamboyant camp of all, the Lycée Climatique et Sportif et Centre d'Entrainement en Altitude, a lavish, $8 million Sweat Socks Hilton in the sky. During September some 500 athletes from 22 nations will be registered at Font-Romeu, roughly 550 miles south of Paris and perched atop the Pyrenees at 6,070 feet. High in the crisp pine forests, with an unlimited horizon, Font-Romeu features gymnasiums, tracks in all sizes, plus facilities for fencing, shooting, tennis, riding, diving, soccer, everything to train any team all grouped around a sprawling fortress of structures faintly medieval in mood, like the main dorm at right, where French cyclists are strolling off to a workout. And when October's athletes leave, Font-Romeu will go on, as a secondary school, as an educational haven for asthmatics and as a kind of permanent sports prep—whose glamorous Class of '68 will remember that getting there was half the fun.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTINE FRANCK

The handsome 12-story central building, which is mostly dormitories, rises dramatically against a setting of wooded ridges and the distant peaks of the Pyrenees. Bulldozing, kept to a minimum and utilizing as much as possible the natural contours of the land, established areas for a soccer field, a 400-meter track, a second, smaller track, a training area for field events, and outdoor volleyball, tennis and basketball courts.

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Ever since they were introduced a few years ago, wide track tires have been the hottest things going.

Why not. They corner beautifully. They hug the road like a bear. And they look like something else.

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Now Armstrong introduces Fatso, a wide track made with fiber glass. A wide track that lasts a long, long time.

Fatso is really built. Underneath his thick rubber hide, and above his nylon cords, he's got two belts of fiber glass that help keep the tread firm and tough.

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We tested Fatso for hundreds of thousands of miles against other makes, and we're happy to report he came out on top in all areas of performance: cornering, traction, braking, and of course, mileage.

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Detroit ballplayers are used to the presence of concert pianist **Eugene Istomin** at Tiger Stadium and at spring training in Lakeland, Fla. He's a crazy, mad Detroit fan even though he was brought up in New York—and skipped practice sessions when his team came to town. Even the umpires became aware of Istomin's obsession; the late Billy Evans called him "Fingers." Last spring when Istomin had an engagement in Tampa, it was pure torture for him to be that close to—yet that far from—the Tigers' camp. "So I went to Lakeland," he says, "and had my Steinway shipped there so I could practice in the hotel when I wasn't watching the team practice on the field." Now, apparently, Istomin has begun to proselyte in the music world. The other day he posed Cellist **Pablo Casals** for a picture—in a Detroit baseball cap.

Mike Pearson was a pretty fair semipro ballplayer who nevertheless managed to make more of a name for himself as **Lester Pearson,** Prime Minister of the Dominion of Canada and 1957 Nobel Peace Prizewinner. Still, Pearson often said that when he left the highest office in the land the job he would most like to hold would be manager of a major league team. Last week, in addition to being given a special mission by the World Bank, he fulfilled at least part of that ambition when the owners of the new Montreal franchise appointed him honorary chairman. Beaming ruddily, wearing a bright bow tie and red carnation, Pearson accepted the post "as an ordinary Canadian who loves baseball." He said that he had laid down only one condition—"that I be allowed to go to spring training." Looking forward to the warm Florida sunshine, he volunteered to help out in any way, such as carrying bats or suggesting strategy. "Now that I'm no longer in politics," he explained, "I know all the answers to everything."

To baseball fans, hot dogs are nearly as sacred as the game itself, and a move to allow the addition of chicken to the standard mix (whatever that may be) has irked **Betty Furness,** the President's special assistant for consumer affairs, no end. What will we call them at the ball park? Betty wonders: "Franklychicks? Chicken-franks? Chickenfurters?" And how about the sales pitch? "Get 'em while they're hot chicks."

◆ Film critics seldom rave over **Charlton Heston**'s acting, but his ability to live through a typical Heston role has made him a legend. There were no stand-ins for the famous chariot scene in *Ben Hur*, or when Heston played Michelangelo laboriously painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in *The Agony and the Ecstasy*. But his latest role, that of a professional quarterback in a movie titled *Pro*, may have posed the ultimate challenge. Heston is cast as Bill Kilmer, playmaker of the New Orleans Saints, and the old warrior plays through the game sequences. His conclusion: "Learning to play quarterback is tougher than learning to drive a chariot." George Plimpton would agree—and he did his stint with the Lions. But with the Saints—shut the gate, Peter!

◉ Olympic gold medals in figure skating and skiing this year went to pretty **Peggy Fleming** and dashing **Jean-Claude Killy**; everyone knows that, except, it seems, the postage-stamp designers of the Mutawakelite Kingdom of Yemen, an exiled government in Saudi Arabia. In a stamp series with drawings of athletes, the Yemenites made these bizarre gold-medal goofs: the figure skater, in frilly red sleeves and short skirt, is captioned Wolfgang Schwartz (men's figure skating winner **Wolfgang Schwarz**, apparently), the skier, obviously male, is captioned Peggy Fleming, a drawing of the three-man bobsled team is titled **Olga Pall** (women's downhill winner), one tough-looking male hockey player is **Marielle Goitschel** (women's slalom winner) and another, stick down and skates (not skis) slashing the ice, is none other than Jean-Claude Killy.

Playwright **Arthur Miller** is not usually thought of as a sporting type, and so it was at least a small surprise when he stood up to read a short new playlet—*The Reason Why*—last week at a party-rally of artists and writers for **Senator Eugene McCarthy** at the Cheetah in New York, normally a teen-agers' nightclub. The playlet was about woodchuck hunting. Rather, that's what it was about on the surface. But the crowd quickly caught on that Mr. Miller was in fact expressing his opinions on gun control and on the war in Vietnam. He is in favor of the former and very much opposed to the latter.

Don't lower the boom, just move the mast

For a gadget that might not even work and failed its first test, those floppers still managed to create a new flap as the 5.5-meter men launched their Olympic race trials in the customary air of controversy

It was a sure bet that the 5.5-meter sloops—those exotic, ornery orphans of the racing world—would sail smack into a storm of argument the minute someone got enough of them together to stage a showdown. Controversy has been closing in on this class for years, threatening to wipe it out entirely, like the six-meter before it. And, sure enough, when 17 5.5s checked in at Newport Beach, Calif. last weekend there were all the signs that this Olympic trial session might be the climactic point that everyone has been predicting.

NEW "FLOPPER" DEVICE moves the mast sideways to give the sails a better profile

The 5.5-meter men make for a tense scene by themselves—but this time there were a few new twists and turns to the plot. For one thing, the 5.5s are stubbornly known as a "development" class, unlike those other Olympians, the Stars, Finns, Flying Dutchmen and Dragons, in which the boats are almost identical and top premium is placed on the skill and stamina of the crew. In the 5.5s the designers are just about as vital as the men who make the boats go. Within the limits of a complicated rule system, they are free to fiddle and experiment with hull shapes and rigs all the way to the limits of the client's pocketbook. The result of all this is that no one 5.5 sloop looks like another, a situation that makes Olympic officials uneasy, and boats are remembered *more* by their shapes than their names.

Of all the innovations introduced at Newport Beach there was one that stirred up just about as much fear as the possibility that someone is going to stamp out the whole class. It is a new device—a complicated system of gauges and valves—that might not only revolutionize 5.5 sailing, it might set the entire sailing world on its beam. That is, if the International Yacht Racing Union allows it. And it may do just that.

The device is installed just below deck and, in effect, it allows the entire length of the mast to be cocked—not fore and aft, which is an old maneuver—but sideways. Worked hydraulically, it thus permits the rig to cant upwind even though the press of breeze is heeling the boat itself downwind. Advantages are all too clear: not only are the sails presented to the wind constantly at their best profile, but the boat is also given what amounts to additional ballast.

To the rather tense envy of those who didn't have it, three 5.5s were outfitted with the gear, called variously a "canter" or a "flopper." There were Lowell North's *Luv*, Scott Allan's *Outta Sight* and Al Cassel's *Savage*. North and Allan both turned up with an effective but comparatively simple apparatus built of surplus pumps, a ground-down trailer hitch (in the case of *Outta Sight*) and other bits and pieces linked together. But *Savage* carried the most sophisticated and, at 115 pounds, the heaviest canter. As someone said at dockside, it looked like it might have cost $10,000 and been built by Boeing.

Cassel waited until a crowd of curious boaters had dispersed, then demonstrated his secret weapon. "The engineer sits here," he said, propping one foot on a small stainless-steel tank fitted with a handle. He leaned over and pumped it vigorously and then twisted two valves on a neat control panel. Presto! He made the mast and stays tilt first one way, then the other. "You see," said Cassel, "instead of having the crew hike out as usual—you simply pump the mast to windward a degree or two."

And while Cassel was given little chance to win the trials—everybody was betting his mechanism was too heavy—the swaying masts stirred up sailors for miles around. Principal objection from rival skippers was not that the flopper was an illegal mechanism but that *it* was tantamount to giving the boats the movable weight of a fourth man as ballast. "Hell, it's like having a 250-pound man sitting out to weather," grumbled one crewman.

In a spirited effort to head them off at the mast before the races began, telegrams were fired off to New York, Scotland and anywhere else the ranking members of the union might be found. The first answers only fueled the tension; as far as anyone could see, there was no rule that barred such mast-floppers.

By the time the boats sailed out Sunday for the first key test everyone was in various stages of despair. Shackles, masts, booms and, in one case, a whole

continued

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boat were missing—misplaced in, of all places, St. Louis.

The only scant comfort, in the hours leading up to the first trial, was the statistical fact that, for all their difference in design and rig, most 5.5s end up remarkably evenly matched. "It really pays to take the start," said North, a three-time world champion in the Star class and a bronze medalist in the Dragons at Tokyo. "These boats are not like Stars, where you can build a lead. In the 5.5s you've got to fight for every inch you gain."

In fact, chief criticism aimed at the 5.5s, North pointed out, was their cost. They demand great wardrobes of sails, spare and often exotic spars and custom-built fittings. The result is that many sailors are disturbed by growing costs in the class and the emphasis on design, plus the fact that few regattas are scheduled for the 5.5s. There is a feeling that many in the rank and file of sailing will convince the union to replace the class in the 1972 Olympics with a more democratic, cheaper, less sophisticated boat.

The new *Luv*, for example, cost North and Peter Peckham some $15,000, including design fee, tank testing, sails and rigging. But not far away sat *Lady Luck*, a strange-looking vessel concocted by MIT's Dr. Jerry Milgram. Her cost was said to be in the $70,000 range.

All the boats on the Newport Harbor Yacht Club line were about 3% faster than the boats of a year ago, said Britton Chance Jr., a 28-year-old who designed 11 of the 17 entries. Chance, who many predict will be the next Olin Stephens when that peerless yacht designer retires, firmly maintained that 5.5s "are only as expensive as you want to make them." And, discounting the fact that he has more at stake than anyone else, he feels that the class deserves to live on its merits.

"A hell of a lot more innovation has come out of this class than, say, the 12-meters," he said. "Small keels, modern high-aspect ratio rigs. Mylar spinnakers, all came from the 5.5s."

And Newport Beach did, indeed, look like a designer's dream. There were rectangular keels, delta keels, scimitar rudders, rudders like airplane flaps, masts with holes all over them, flat booms, round and oval booms—and several boats with hard ridges running almost the length of their topsides, thus permitting a low wetted surface. All were aimed, in their own way, at the light airs of Acapulco, where the survivor will fight it out for Olympic medals.

And so, masts tuned, sails picked, bottoms polished slickly, what may be the last Olympic trials the 5.5s will ever experience got under way.

Sailor North had been looking at the skies and had mused: "I think a controllable mast helps in a breeze, but not so much in light air. In fact, we may not even use it."

But when Sunday afternoon came up washed in bright sunshine—complete with light air and a long swell—North decided to go for the gadget. So did Cassel, only Allan elected to go for an old-fashioned sail.

And when it was all over, the only conclusive finding seemed to be that the role of the flopper is still uncertain, and that the 5.5-meter men would have to continue worrying about it through the entire week of trials. For one thing, North made a poor start and never overcame the handicap, finishing fifth. Allan and Cassel also finished far down the fleet.

The winner and leader from start to finish was a tense, up-tight gentleman named Gardner Cox, aided by an all-star combination of champion dinghy skipper Dr. Stuart Walker and 12-meter hand and sailing instructor Steve Colgate. Nervousness aside, Cox is a sailor's sailor, he was three-time international champion in Penguin dinghys and despite the fact he is a newcomer to the sophisticated 5.5s he became U.S. champion of that class this year.

Ahead of all of them lay six more grueling races on the route to selecting one of the boats to represent the U.S. in Mexico, and there was every chance that the competition, when it settled down, would get tougher.

For all the sunshine and ideal conditions it was hard for some experts on the scene to shake a faint feeling of gloom. Consider Dr. Britton Chance, father of the young designer, who won a gold medal in the 5.5s in 1952. A man whose whole metabolism seems to depend on the existence of the class, he watched the regatta start and observed philosophically, "Well, the 5.5 was born an Olympic boat. It may as well die an Olympic boat." Which it very probably will. **END**

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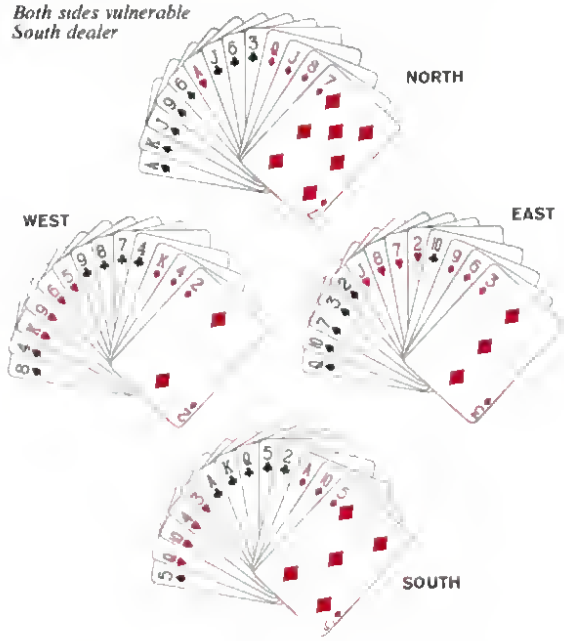
Three double takes on a Spingold slam

The Summer National Championships in Minneapolis were the last to drag on for nearly two weeks, and no one, not even the winners of the final event, will be sorry. Competition started on a Friday and ran for 13 days and 800 boards before George Rapée's team defeated B. Jay Becker's squad in the Spingold finals. Beginning next year the Nationals will end on the second Sunday, alleviating the exhaustion in evidence at Minneapolis.

Young players made their presence felt in the Spingold as never before. Mike Becker and Steve Altman, both 24 and members of the Becker team, were the youngest pair ever to reach the final, and Milt Rosenberg of Chicago, who reached the semifinal, is a year younger. Five of the others in the semifinal were around the 30 mark and, with only Becker and Rapée in the elder statesman category, the average age of the last four teams was the lowest ever.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (*Walsh*)	WEST (*Kehela*)	NORTH (*Swanson*)	EAST (*Murray*)
1♣	PASS	1♠	PASS
1 N.T.	PASS	2♦	PASS
2 N.T.	PASS	3♣	PASS
3♦	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
4 N.T.	PASS	5♥	PASS
6♣	PASS	PASS	PASS

Rosenberg's team found the experience of the Rapée squad too much to handle in the semifinal, losing by 92 points, but one of the losers had the satisfaction of making a slam that needed good bidding and skillful play.

Dick Walsh of Los Angeles bid his way up to six clubs by an unorthodox route. After the one-no-trump rebid, North's bid of two diamonds would be weak in standard methods, but it was forcing in the style of this partnership and made a careful slam exploration possible.

West led a trump against six clubs and Walsh had a difficult planning problem. The obvious route was to ruff two hearts in dummy, but Walsh was short of entries to the closed hand and would run into an overruff when he tried to ruff the third round of spades low in his hand.

The natural play was to win the first trick in dummy, but South won in his hand. This was a slight error, but it nevertheless gave him the opportunity to make a spectacular play at the second trick. He led the diamond 10 away from his ace, spurning the diamond finesse, with the idea of forcing out the diamond king immediately and keeping control of the hand.

West took his diamond king and returned the club eight, leaving dummy with only one trump for ruffing purposes. But one ruff was enough for the declarer. He won the trump lead with dummy's jack, cashed the heart and spade aces and ruffed a low spade. A heart was ruffed with dummy's remaining trump, and the closed hand was reentered with the diamond ace.

Walsh drew the missing trumps and claimed his slam, announcing that he would discard the two remaining heart losers on the diamond and spade winners in dummy. He made, in all, five trump tricks in his hand, one ruff in dummy, one heart, two spades and three diamonds for a total of 12 tricks.

During the next deal Kehela was dummy and began to wonder whether he would have beaten the slam by refusing to take his diamond king at the second trick. Analysis showed that he would not, for South would then have discarded a diamond on the second round of spades and crossruffed in the red suits. By careful timing he could discard his fourth heart on the fourth diamond in dummy and West would make the defense's only trick by ruffing.

Three days later, the analysts pointed out that Kehela *would* have beaten the slam by winning the diamond king and returning a diamond, forcing South to use a diamond entry prematurely. But, the contract could *always* be made by winning the first trick in dummy, cashing the heart ace and leading to the diamond 10. **END**

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It looks like our cup again

The main reasons for the considerable charm and appeal Davis Cup play holds for people, whether or not they are outright tennis fans, are that the competition is sufficiently old (the first Challenge Round was held in 1902), sufficiently amateur and sufficiently tradition-encrusted to please the establishmentarian instinct. It is also a sporting event with true worldwide participation. This year 49 nations entered teams in one of four zones—two European, one Asian and one American—to determine which will challenge Australia, the present cup holder, in December. Finally, and perhaps most significantly, it provides the closest approximation in sports to the star system. Give a country—no matter how small—one super player, and it is ready to challenge the world.

The United States has become quite aware of this in the past eight years. Since 1959—except for 1963, when we won the ornate sterling cup from the Aussies, and 1964, when we graciously returned it—all sorts of upstart nations have kept the U.S. from the Challenge Round. Italy did it in 1960 and 1961. Then came Mexico in 1962, Spain in 1965, Brazil in 1966 and, last and least, Ecuador in 1967.

But last week, under the new management of Captain Donald Dell (SI, June 10) and in the unlikely surroundings of Roxboro Junior High School in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, we took the cup again. Practically speaking, anyway. Going into the weekend, the original list of 49 nations had been narrowed to five—West Germany, India, Japan, Spain and the United States. Coming out, the list was down to four. West Germany has yet to play either India or Japan, but the United States had defeated Spain and earned the right to meet the survivor of the other half of the Interzone draw. Next will come the Challenge Round in Adelaide and, unfortunately for the Aussies, the three players who defended last year—John Newcombe, Roy Emerson and Tony Roche—are now professionals. Unless Captain Harry Hopman manages the most amazing feat of his career with the likes of Ray Ruffles, Bill Bowrey and Barry Phillips-Moore, the cup will come back to the nation which donated it in the first place.

Spain, far superior to West Germany, Japan or India—the reason why last week's tie was so important—showed up in Cleveland with its star, Manuel Santana, who has been playing in cup competition with profound success for 10 years, and Santana's support, Juan Gisbert, who beat Dennis Ralston in four sets in 1965 during the U.S.-Spain match that Spain won and earlier this year was graduated from the University of Barcelona law school. From the time that the draw was made on Thursday

continued

FOUR FEET IN THE AIR, the U.S. team leaps in unison as Clark Graebner smashes an overhead against the Spaniards in the decisive four-set doubles match in Cleveland that virtually assured the eventual return of the Davis Cup.

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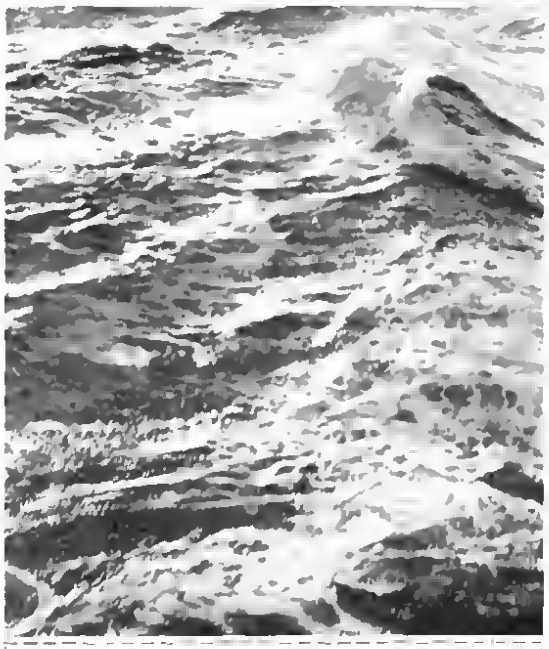

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afternoon it was obvious that for Spain to win, Santana would have to take his two singles matches and somehow carry Gisbert through to a victory in the doubles match that provides the fifth point in Davis Cup play.

The two singles players Dell nominated were the two who reached the semifinals of the first open Wimbledon earlier in the summer: Clark Graebner, who grew up in Beachwood, Ohio, just around the corner from Cleveland Heights, and Arthur Ashe, the slender ("I've never had an injury in my life, there's not enough muscle on me for anything to go wrong"), phlegmatic Army lieutenant from Richmond. In reserve, Dell had Charlie Pasarell of Puerto Rico, who had beaten Graebner in the finals of the Eastern Grass Court Championships at South Orange, N.J. two weeks earlier and had carried Ken Rosewall, the world's No. 2-ranking player, to five sets at Wimbledon.

Before play began Dell was optimistic but politely cautious. Ralston, who is now a professional and the U.S. coach, said, "*This should* be easy. Gisbert is no problem. But anything can happen. One guy can raise his game, another can get nervous, or lose concentration—anything." Spanish Captain Jaime Bartroli said simply, "We need points from everybody."

The first match of the tie put Graebner against Santana. The former ball boy from Madrid is now 30—surely not ancient—and still a master on slow surfaces. The courts at the 6,200-seat Harold T. Clark Stadium at Roxboro Junior High are fast—a composition called Tenni-Flex on an asphalt base—but the Spaniard played as if he were back home on the soggy European clay. He served few aces, but gained control of the points by alternately serving wide to Graebner, who does not move well, then handcuffing Graebner with a service right at him. Then he followed with deft, accurate ground strokes and sharply angled volleys.

For his part, Graebner, who had beaten Santana in straight sets at Wimbledon, was nowhere near the peak of his game, and said bluntly after the match, "I played pretty bad, didn't I?" During the first set and until midway into the second he only occasionally bothered to follow his service to the net, mainly because there was nothing to follow. His

first service went in only 54% of the time, and Santana was able to return the second with ease. The match ended quickly, and for Graebner disastrously, 6–2, 6–3, 6–3.

Ashe and Gisbert were next up. Like Santana, Gisbert is at his best on slow clay (the surface, incidentally, on which the U.S. has been defeated in every year beginning with 1961) but, unlike Santana, he cannot adjust away from it. This match ended quickly, too, in Ashe's favor, 6–2, 6–4, 6–2—and the series was tied 1-1.

The doubles on the second day, then, became what everybody figured it would be: the crucial match of the tie. And both captains used their prerogative and did not announce their player selections until one hour before the match was to begin. On the way to the Interzone semifinal, which included Spanish victories over The Netherlands, Sweden, Great Britain and Italy, Santana had played twice with Luis Arilla, a 10-year cup veteran, once with Manuel Orantes, just turned 19, and had sat out one match. The logical choice was Santana-Arilla, but during practice earlier in the week Arilla had pulled a leg muscle, forcing Bartroli to choose Gisbert and to keep Orantes, an unknown quantity in major competition, on the sidelines.

Dell and Ralston did not decide on their choices until late on the night of the first day, and finally picked Pasarell and Graebner. The other possibility was Bob Lutz, who had actually looked the best of the Americans in doubles play, but, like Orantes, was untested. In earlier ties against the British West Indies, Mexico and Ecuador, Lutz had played twice with Stan Smith and once with Graebner, but in all three instances the United States had had 2-0 leads at the end of the first day.

Graebner needed the match to restore his somewhat frayed confidence and to work out the problems with his service, and Pasarell was picked because, when he chooses, he is the most tenacious and gutty player in the country. "All *I* want to do is win," he said. "I don't care if we look good, bad or indifferent doing it. I just want to win."

The Americans were heavily favored in the doubles but, surprisingly, that match turned out to be the best of the tie. Perry Jones, now 81 and the person most responsible for the tremendous

continued

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amount of tennis talent produced in Southern California for decades, said later, "This was one of the most interesting doubles I've seen in 50 years."

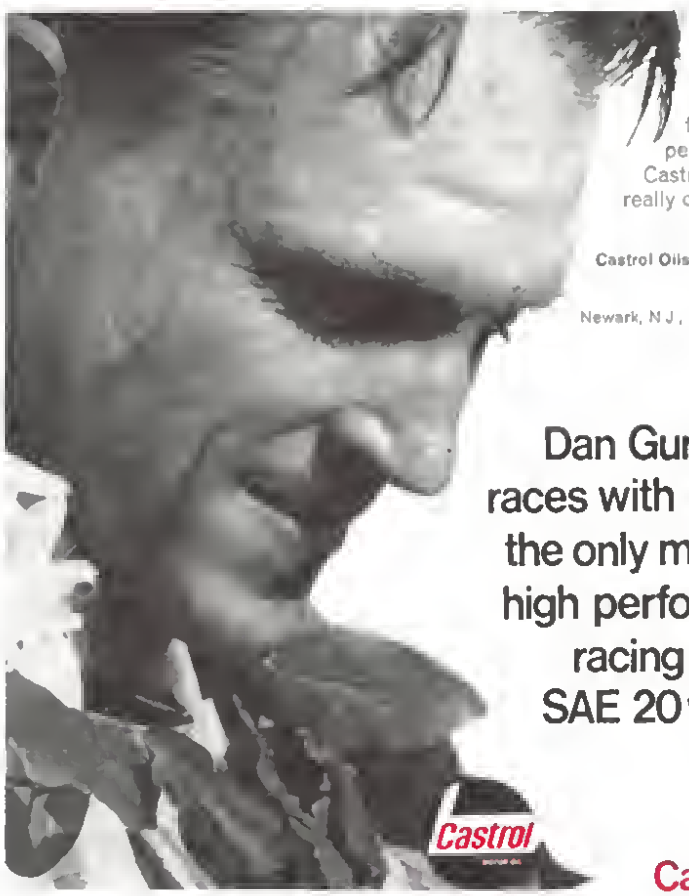
Graebner went into the match still worried about his service. "You know how big a part of my game it is," he said. "This morning during practice it was still terrible." Graebner needed eight points to hold service his first time up, but, as it turned out, did not lose it the entire afternoon.

The first set went to Spain 13–11, and it is fortunate Pasarell had such a self-effacing attitude toward his game, because while serving at set point, in the 24th game of the set, he double-faulted. That was bad enough, but it was more the way he did it. After missing his first service, as he said, "I threw the ball up wrong, the wind [a considerable 17 mph] carried it away from me and I choked." He barely made contact with the ball and it sailed, like a knuckleball, not only over the net but over a surprised Gisbert, a shocked Santana and an indifferent baseline umpire in the general direction of Lake Erie.

The second set was even longer—32 games—but chinks were developing in the Spanish armor. The obvious American strategy was to play Gisbert, but he was difficult to find. Santana was everywhere, exhorting himself, exhorting Gisbert and occasionally running from sideline to sideline on consecutive shots while Gisbert watched the action only as an interested observer. Santana poached whenever he could, and this, of course, often left his sideline unprotected while Gisbert was serving.

In the 31st game of the set, with Gisbert behind 15–30, Pasarell went for that sideline and passed Santana to give the Americans two break points. They only needed one. Pasarell held his service for the set, and even Dell, who had not been too sure up to that point, permitted himself a smile. The second set was the key to the match, and the match—11–13, 17–15, 7–5, 6–2—the key to the tie. It had taken three hours, 45 minutes, 422 points and 12 quarts of Gatorade, the unofficial official U.S. team drink, to play.

Even though Spain, which trailed 2–1, still had a chance going into the third day, in which the first afternoon's singles assignments were reversed, the tie was over. Graebner, full of the confidence he had lost against Santana and regained in the doubles, disposed of Gisbert in straight sets, 9–7, 6–3, 6–1, to give the United States the third and deciding point. That relegated the final match between Ashe and Santana to the status of pride only. Both played superbly, Santana won the first and fourth sets (13–11, 15–13), Ashe the second and third (7–5, 6–3), when darkness forced postponement of the fifth. Ashe finally won the next day 6–3. It was a fitting conclusion to a good tie, and surely the most important one the United States team will play all year. END



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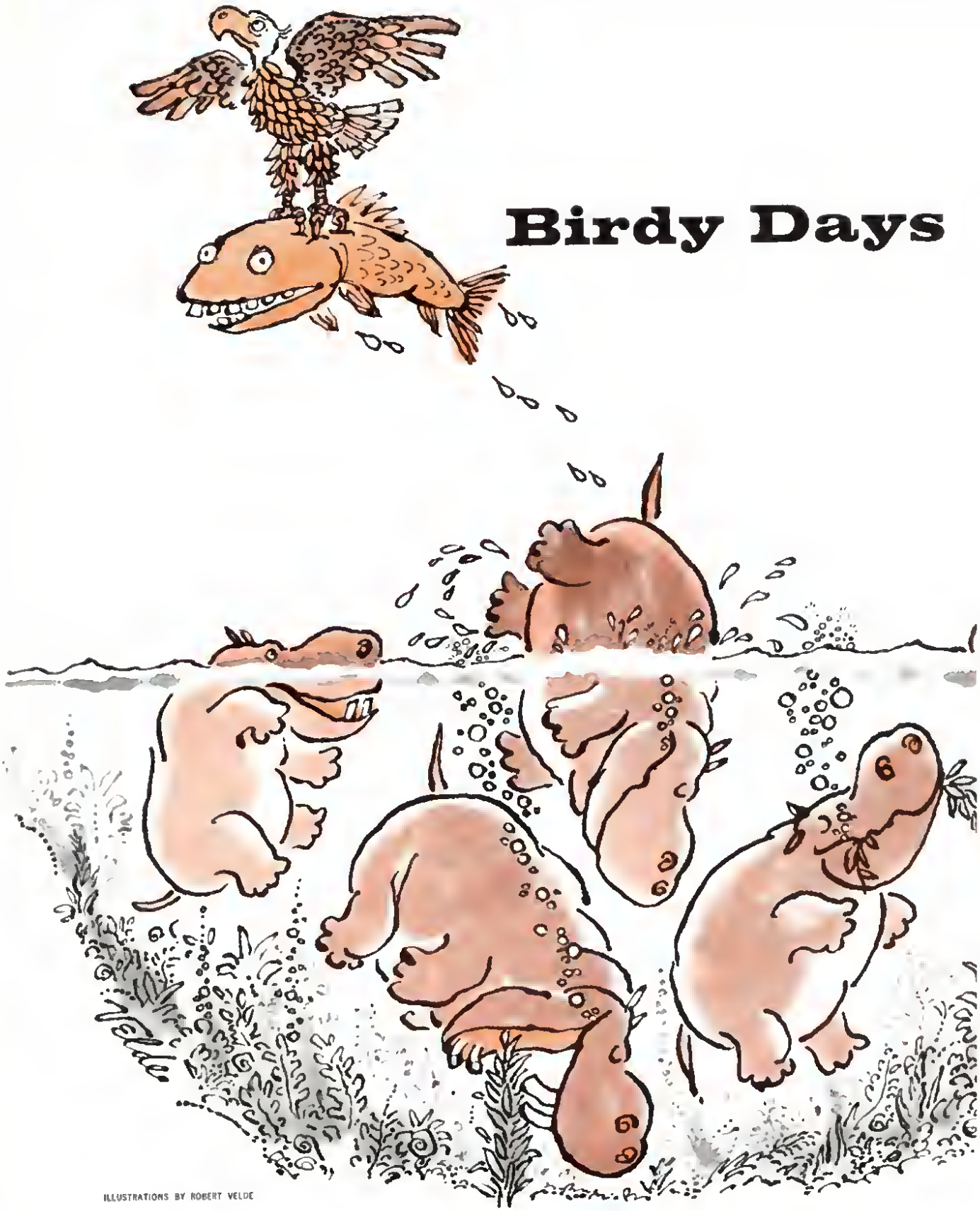

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT VELDE

on a Fishing Safari

It takes a stout heart to overcome even the usual frustrations connected with fishing. But problems the author found in Zululand would make a crocodile shed human tears **by Clive Gammon**

In the end I had to be firm about it. "Look," I said carefully, "I don't think we're going to do a lot of good here." Jim Feely, mildly puzzled, looked round at me. Wasn't this water? Where fish lived? So what was wrong?

From a mudbank 50 yards away a crocodile stared at us with an expression of bored contempt. It had kept that up for two hours without a movement. In my lap I cradled an unlikely looking fishing outfit: a 6/0 reel loaded with what looked like 100-pound-test nylon, attached precariously to an anonymous bait-casting rod by plenty of string and a knotted handkerchief. On a large hook I had mounted a frozen pilchard, which now reposed on the muddy bottom of the St Lucia estuary as far away from the boat as I could throw it—a good 20 feet. High, straw-colored reeds cut us off from the rest of Zululand. I could have been fishing a good-sized farm pond if it weren't for the crocodile and a small flotilla of hippopotamuses that showed nostrils, tiny ears and gigantic rumps some little distance away. The water must have been deeper where they were. I calculated that my pilchard was lying in two and a half feet of water, and not even the crocodile showed any interest.

"What's wrong?" Jim asked. Brian van der Merwe, the game ranger from the St. Lucia Game Reserve and Park who had taken us out on the estuary, was also very concerned. He abandoned

continued

his attempt to line up a magnificent black, bronze and white fish eagle in the telescopic lens of a camera that he'd fitted onto a rifle stock. "Maybe you've got the wrong bait," he suggested helpfully. *That* wouldn't have surprised me, but there was a lot more wrong with this fishing expedition than just the bait. No fishing guides could have been more genuinely anxious to please than Jim and Brian, or more anxious for me to get some sport. The trouble was that neither of them had the vaguest notion of when, where and how to fish in Zululand. Or anywhere else. It had taken some time for this devastating truth to come to light. For some weeks I had been fishing my way around the South African coast, the arrangement being that I should meet local anglers and go out on expeditions with them. "Don't bring tackle," they'd told me before I left London. "It's going to be all laid on."

I remember saying once in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED that I was going to write a fishing book called *You Should Have Been Here Last Wednesday*. That, admittedly, is still in the planning stage, but I have already thought about the sequel, which will be entitled *It's All Laid On*. To be fair, a lot of it *had* been laid on this trip. It wasn't anyone's fault that I'd spent a week in Cape Town, looking out of the hotel window at the big seas *running in* False Bay, hoping vainly that the weather would ease enough for tuna fishing. And I had enjoyed some success down in western Cape Province with kob, a big South African sea perch that weighs up to 50-odd pounds. There had, of course, been the morning I fished for largemouth bass in a mountain dam, above the town of Oudtshoorn, at the mayor's invitation. It was a good morning, too, as I told him euphorically at lunchtime. Twenty good fish I'd brought back with me. There was a short, strained silence before the polite congratulations came. How was I to know that there was a bag limit of six?

Then there was the night trip at Knysna. Night fishing always paid off best in the lagoon, said the club secretary. So the pair of us sailed off to fish through the dark hours. Another species called white steenbras was what we had in mind, and the technique was not difficult. You baited up with prawn, cast out, left the reel on click and out of gear and went to sleep in one of the bunks, in the happy knowledge that the scream of the reel would awaken you if you had a strike. But I spent the whole night afraid to sleep in case I missed the magic moment. No magic moment came, and that was not surprising, since the secretary, torn between hospitality and sport, allowed the former instinct to win and surreptitiously reeled in the lines before he went to sleep, shamefacedly explaining in the morning that he thought I'd appreciate a good night's rest. There must have been some County Kerry blood in him somewhere, but at least we could fish the hours of early light, and, in fact, I took a good steenbras before I had to come in.

All the time, though, I had been looking forward to Zululand, to the great beaches of Kosi Bay and Sordwana Bay, where the warm Mozambique Current touches the coast and where the blue, rich water holds game fish from marlin down to king mackerel. Real Africa, everyone said, where the proud, sad, handsome Zulu nation still maintained its culture and identity. There were Zulus around Durban, certainly, in the bedraggled concrete townships provided for them outside the city. You could even get a ricksha ride along the sea front, with the motor power provided by a Zulu dressed in a technicolor travesty of the plumes and beadwork of a 19th century chief, if your tastes ran that way. Meanwhile, in Durban, from my room in the great cliffike Edward Hotel, I watched the surfers come sweeping in on the huge Indian Ocean rollers and waited for a message from the wild north.

It was Jim Feely, in fact, who came to pick me up, a slight, out-of-place figure in the smart hotel lobby in his faded khaki safari suit. He had a VW outside, covered in what I would soon recognize as the red dust of Zululand. For hours on the road north out of Durban we drove through endless plantations of high sugar cane. The townships thinned out until they were 30 or 40 miles apart, and then we were crossing the dark red Tugela River, the southern boundary of Zululand. We were headed for Ubizane, west of Hluhluwe, where Jim was a partner in a game ranch, outfitting hunting safaris and wildlife photography expeditions. We didn't talk about fishing, and it didn't occur to me how odd that was until later.

Late that afternoon we sat on the veranda of the lodge, Green, brown and yellow, the bushveld stretched away, and through binoculars we watched zebra and impala moving on the hillside. It only needed Gregory Peck in his leopard-skin hat band. "Where's your leopard-skin hat band?" I asked Jim. "They're out this year," he said unsmiling, "especially the nylon type."

It seemed a good time to look at the gear and to make a few plans. "What'll we do tomorrow?" I asked.

"Well," said Jim easily, "I thought we might take a look at the St. Lucia estuary. Get up early, try and get a full day in."

"What are we going to come across there?"

"It should be pretty good," Jim said. "It's been getting better all the time, for three or four years now."

It was great to hear someone talking optimistically for once. Fishermen almost always tell you it's hopeless, just to be on the safe side.

"Yes, there should be a lot of good stuff there," Jim went on. "Egret, spoonbill, flamingo, Egyptian geese, goliath heron . . ."

South African fish have pretty unfamiliar names, like kabeljou, musselcracker, stumpnose and so on, but there was something terribly wrong here.

"What about the fish, though?" I asked.

"Well, you see these silver fish jumping sometimes. Millet, mullet, something like that," he said. "Do you fancy a bit of fishing? I don't know that we'll have an awful lot

of spare time, especially if you want to cover the northern game reserves as well. . . ."

It was a full minute before I began to see the funny side of it. I was talking to South Africa's foremost young ornithologist, no less, who had carefully planned a bird-watching safari for me. Far up in the higher echelons of the tourism department, someone had blundered. I watched Jim visibly pull himself together. He was going to meet this new challenge head on.

"Well, now," he said, "let's be practical. We can make a start. I've got a boat booked on St. Lucia tomorrow anyhow. I'll see what I can raise in the way of tackle." He shot off in the VW.

Two hours later he was back, triumphant. "I've fixed you up," he said. "Rod, reel, the lot." I didn't have the heart to tell him that you don't use a 6/0 big-game reel for estuary fishing, nor do you employ it in combination with a bait-casting rod. Fitting the two together was the main problem. The reel seat wasn't meant for a monster like that. But I managed to jury-rig it. It was going to be interesting fishing, especially since we had no sinkers and the hooks looked as if they were designed for sharks. "Fish for supper tomorrow night then?" said Jim, jovially but not jokingly. He didn't know it wasn't as easy as snooping on flamingos. He was going to find out the hard way.

We had our early start. Brian van der Merwe was waiting for us in a fine new flat-bottomed boat with a big outboard motor. St. Lucia was a national park, and the boat was really meant for taking out parties to view the wildlife, but they had made an exception for us.

Mist curled away as we batted wildly down the great open waters of the estuary. "Know any good spots?" I shouted. In a place like this, more or less untouched by anglers, even 100-pound-test line might outwit the unsophisticated fish, unsporting as that might be. Here the estuary had widened out into an enormous lagoon, 25 miles across, and the fish could be anywhere. "We'll go right to the far end," yelled Brian. I think he was anxious to discover what the boat could do, and we made a wide circular tour before we finally fetched up in the reedy fortress with the crocodile and hippo.

I gave it a good try. Conceivably, a fish big enough to swallow a whole pilchard might come into three feet of water, but I doubted it. "Can we find a deeper spot?" I

continued

Brian was going to corral those mullet in the way that a thresher shark will corral a school of mackerel.

asked Brian. "It's all like this," he replied gaily. Except, I thought, for the hole that the hippos had a lien on.

It was a great morning for ornithologists. Two handsome fish eagles circled us, then settled on a tree stump to watch. A long involved discussion started between Jim and Brian on the question of whether the legs of the adult white heron turned yellowish or black in the winter. It was then that I realized I would have to be firm. "I don't think we're going to do a lot of good here," I said.

As I say, polite puzzlement was the reaction. My eccentric pastime might as well be carried on here as anywhere else, they implied. "We do catch mullet for the pan sometimes," said Brian, "but I don't suppose you would be interested in that." My friend, I felt like telling him, I'd be interested in *any* way of catching fish at the moment. More discreetly, I said, "Is that with rod and reel?"

"No," he admitted, "but I'll show you."

I reeled up. My pilchard was untouched. I hauled the anchor, or, more precisely, picked it up from the bottom. Brian started up the engine and we hammered out of the bay at full throttle, his favorite speed, sending up a bow wave that rocked the hippos at what seemed to be their moorings. I saw the croc slide gently from the mud into the water. Had he been lining up to fish our spot? If he had been, he was in for a disappointment.

We were out in the open lagoon, the heat haze blurring the shoreline. Great dark clouds of widgeon burst off the water. The ornithologists have got St. Lucia all tied up, I thought bitterly. Meanwhile, the other two were keeping a sharp lookout for the quarry. Suddenly, a big mullet of six or seven pounds shot straight up out of our wake, a yard or more into the air. More followed, until there were a dozen fish in the air at the same time. "We're in, man!" yelled Brian as he gunned the motor, and we planed wildly over the little choppy waves. Just how we were in I couldn't see. Maybe he was going to produce a butterfly net from the locker.

But the procedure was a good deal less elaborate than that. I began to see the intention. Brian was going to *corral* those mullet in the way that a thresher shark will corral mackerel. "Hang on!" he roared, a wild, daft grin on his face, and we swept in a circle as mullet sprayed out everywhere. "Keep your heads down!" As the fish were compressed into a tighter and tighter pocket, two big mullet slapped smack into the rear of the cockpit. Another hit the windshield. It didn't shatter but it subdued Brian for a moment. But we had two fish, and he was triumphant. "That's the way to do it," he said. "Course, you've got to be careful. Had a bloke the other day, fish came out of the water and broke his ha, ha, ha, bloody, ha, ha, jawbone."

We went in for lunch after that, and the head ranger of the park informed me courteously that there were no fish in the lagoon at the moment. No serious fish, that was to say. The place to go was the surf and, in particular, Mission Rocks, a few miles up the coast. There, he said impressively, we would get kingfish. A 60-pounder had been caught the previous day.

Kingfish at Mission Rocks, then. This, clearly, was where the St. Lucia debacle would be forgotten, where the Indian Ocean surf would yield magnificent prizes. Only, what could kingfish possibly be?

One day the United Nations or somebody is going to have to standardize the names of saltwater game fish, and, until they do, traveling anglers are going to be in trouble. As far as I can make out, every sea has its own species they call kingfish, and they are all different. To many American anglers, kingfish is *Scomberomorus cavalla*, or king mackerel. There are plenty of king mackerel along the South African coast, only *there* they happen to be called, guess what, *barracuda*. They get real barracuda as well, only they call them sea pike.

In the end I discovered that South African kingfish equaled the American jack crevalle. Only not quite. The Indian Ocean kingfish, though it bears a close family resemblance to the jack (and, in fact, is certainly one of the *Carangidae*) runs a lot bigger. The all-African record is a staggering 122 pounds—from the Zululand coast, incidentally. Like the jack crevalle, it is taken in saltwater lagoons and big estuaries as well as in the open sea.

All this I learned back at the lodge from Professor J. L. Smith's monumental work, *The Fishes of South Africa*, all 12 pounds of which I had carried with me from London, incurring excess-baggage charges for just such moments as this. Feely came over when I was thumbing through Smith, and I could tell that his interest was becoming aroused. "If you're not very happy with the tackle," he offered, "I could hunt around and try again for you."

I retired with Smith and Charles Horne on *Salt Water Fishing in Southern Africa*, so that I wouldn't miss a trick if and when Feely returned with the gear. All the sounds of Zululand came lazily through the mosquito screen that stretched across the veranda. Crickets, the belling of bullfrogs. From Chief Jobela Dumeguthe's kraal, a little south of the lodge, I could hear the rhythmic throb of his transistor radio. The Zulus are restless tonight, Carruthers, I said to myself. The chief's son, Johan Dumeguthe, worked as a game warden on the ranch, and now he put his head around the door to ask if I would like some tea. "That would be nice," I said, and the comforting thought occurred to me, not for the first time, that this was not 1879, when the *impis* of Cetewayo, arguably the finest light infantry the world has known, covered 40 miles a day on foot to carve up a column of British regular infantry, supported by cavalry and artillery, on the bloody field of Isandhlwana, 100 miles west of here. Johan returned and served the tea. I picked up a book called *The Washing of the Spears* by Donald Morris that Jim Feely had left on the table. A few pages left me in no doubt that a simple cleansing of the Zulu assegais for the sake of appearance was not what the author had in mind.

continued

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Johan came in again to clear away. I gave him a keen, searching look. "Everything all right, sir?" he said, somewhat puzzled. "Fine," I said. I could hear Jim Feely's VW revving and coughing up the rutted track. *The relief column, pushing up for Pietermaritzburg, had arrived. A few hoarse cheers went up from the survivors in their tattered uniforms. . . .* Jim bounced in, very pleased with himself. "The real thing this time," he announced, and he was right. He'd been all the way to Mtubatuba and borrowed a couple of good surf-casting outfits. "Mission Rocks in the morning," he said, rubbing his hands. "This could be it!"

Before dinner we went out in front of the lodge to introduce Jim to a little casting technique. Two eland and a blue wildebeest, so tame that they were almost pets of the house, broke away from the drinking trough and tore panic-stricken into the bush. Johan, fascinated, watched our actions for a while from the veranda, then called us in for sundowner drinks. He moved silent-footed about the lodge. "You'll be O.K. here with Johan tonight, won't you?" said Jim. "I have to go over to Hluhluwe."

Directly after we'd eaten (nyala steaks with barbecue sauce), Feely took off. I read a few more pages of *The Washing of the Spears*, yawned a little and told Johan that I was going to bed. He came in with a small oil lamp and told me he'd give me a call in the morning. I moved out, carrying a lamp which cast huge shadows on the walls hung with zebra skins. In my bedroom the night noises of the bush were clearer. I moved a massive rhino-horn doorstop so that it kept the door closed, then got into bed and put out the lamp. A thought occurred to me, and I tried to light the lamp again, but nothing happened. I had turned the wick down too far. I dozed. A short time later I was yelling for fresh ammunition as yet another horde of screaming Zulu warriors headed by Johan Dumeguthe reached the pathetically frail redoubt of mealie bags that we had managed to throw up. . . .

I sat bolt upright in bed as the images vanished. A demon laugh had seemed to come from right under the window. I didn't get up. The next minute there was an enormous sawing, rumbling noise. I got up and shoved the rhino horn with its heavy base more firmly against the door. The earthquake noise came again, then ceased. I looked cautiously through the window. Nothing but the black Zulu night. I tried to turn my mind firmly to techniques of catching kingfish. I must have dozed again, for the next thing I was aware of was a scraping noise as somebody tried to push the rhino horn back. Whatever this was, I had to go out and face it.

It was Johan, smiling, with early-morning tea. "Mr. Feely is here already," he said. "He thought you'd want to make an early start."

"Sleep well?" asked Feely jauntily. I looked at him with heavy eyes. "It was a little noisy," I said. I told him about the screams and the earth-moving noises. "Oh," he said, interested, "so the hyenas are back." The other noise, it appeared, was merely rhino rubbing against the stockade fence. "They love to do it," said Feely. "They're there almost every night." He might have warned me.

We drove east toward the coast. Eagle owls burst from the headlights—we counted a dozen before the dawn broke. As soon as it was light and we hit the tarred road, there were Zulu girls selling pineapples and avocados. This was the main route south from the cities of the Witwatersrand, and later in the day there would be tourist cars. We picked up bait from a fish stall in St. Lucia—huge prawns, crayfish tail, and more pilchards. Other cars had pulled in there with rods aboard, and eager anglers were loading up with bait also. Everybody agreed that Mission Rocks was the place. Did we know that a 70-pound kingfish had come from there the day before yesterday? I was interested to learn that dead fish grew just as rapidly here as they did in other places.

It was a good long trek to Mission Rocks. We had to leave the VW in the shade of a palm clump, then walk a soft sandy path shaded by bougainvillea. There were plenty of footprints along it, and Feely told me that there was a spring tide, so we would be able to cross an uncovered reef and cast into deep water.

The sands were white, mile after mile of them stretching north to the border of Portuguese East Africa. Piers and sea walls of rock jutted into the sea at this place. You could see why it was a good fishing spot. But the water was wild. Not a breath of wind moved, yet big blue-green waves marched in series to crash on the reef. This was going to be a problem. There are no strong tidal currents along the Zululand coast, and we had brought only light sinkers. Maybe a dozen anglers were already fishing, wearing the heavy leather belts and harnesses that South Africans all use for shore fishing. This does *not* mean that they are ultracautious. Rockfish run to huge sizes there. Red steenbras and kabeljou go more than 100 pounds, and in some places they catch albacore and yellow and bluefin tuna from the rocks.

We didn't have harnesses, Feely and I, but that was only because we couldn't borrow any. We waded through the soft white sand, then scrambled over the rocks. The rollers hit with a bomb burst of spray that made rainbow patterns in the sun. The final rock platform was treacherous. There were deep holes, and fissures and bright green patches of a lichenous weed that almost took the feet from under me the first time I stepped on one. We baited up well back from the sea's edge. It was going to be a question of running up to the lip to cast between rollers.

Purposely, I didn't look at Feely as he made his first approach. I just heard the wild cry and turned to see him sitting in a shallow pool, looking desperately at a horrible snarl up of line on his reel spool. "Look out!" I yelled. Too late. A wave smashed into the underside of the reef. The water rose high in the air and fell on Feely. He scram-

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bled back, dripping, his hair in his eyes. It wasn't fair. This was not the way to be introduced to the gentle art of angling.

It was my turn to venture out. I watched my timing and in cowardly fashion contented myself with a quick lob of 50 or 60 yards. I let out line as I came back from the ledge, then tightened up. A little too much. I felt a solid resistance as the sinker or the hook snagged firmly in the rock. I broke my line and walked back to the tackle bag for more gear. In the course of the next couple of hours, Feely and I got through 14 sinkers and 17 hooks.

But the fishing was better than at St. Lucia. I caught a rock cod, a green and brown fish with enormous staring eyes and a set of evil-looking spikes behind the dorsal fin. It was 11 inches long. Feely caught a catfish and he was stowing it in his bag, not saying much but obviously very pleased, when another angler came along, looked at it and said, "Deadly poisonous." This was the end. Feely got his dry pack of cigarettes out of the tackle bag, observing that at least we could have a smoke. "Got a light?" said Feely. I looked at him mutely and took out my matches, congealed in a soggy mass. Feely rummaged frantically in his bag and came up with nothing. As a sport, fishing was rapidly plummeting in his estimation.

But back at the car we got lights from another disappointed angler. It wasn't our fault, it seemed, that we hadn't taken fish. Nobody had, because of the big ground sea that was running, caused by a hurricane off Madagascar, everyone thought. The big fish liked it calm. "You should have been here yesterday," said our new friend. "I hear there were a couple of 75-pound kingfish taken."

That night we sat around the oil lamp in the lodge, making fresh plans. We'd tried the estuary and the shore. Only one thing was left—offshore fishing. There are no harbors in Zululand, or not what you'd call a harbor. This, you'd think, would hinder the use of suitable vessels for game fishing. But the locals had found a way around this by going to sea in craft they called ski-boats, high-prowed, flat-bottomed boats propelled by two big outboards. What they have in common with reef fishing is the timing technique. You launch off the beach in a surf lull, then depend on the motors to get you out before a big one breaks. Making a landfall is even more exciting.

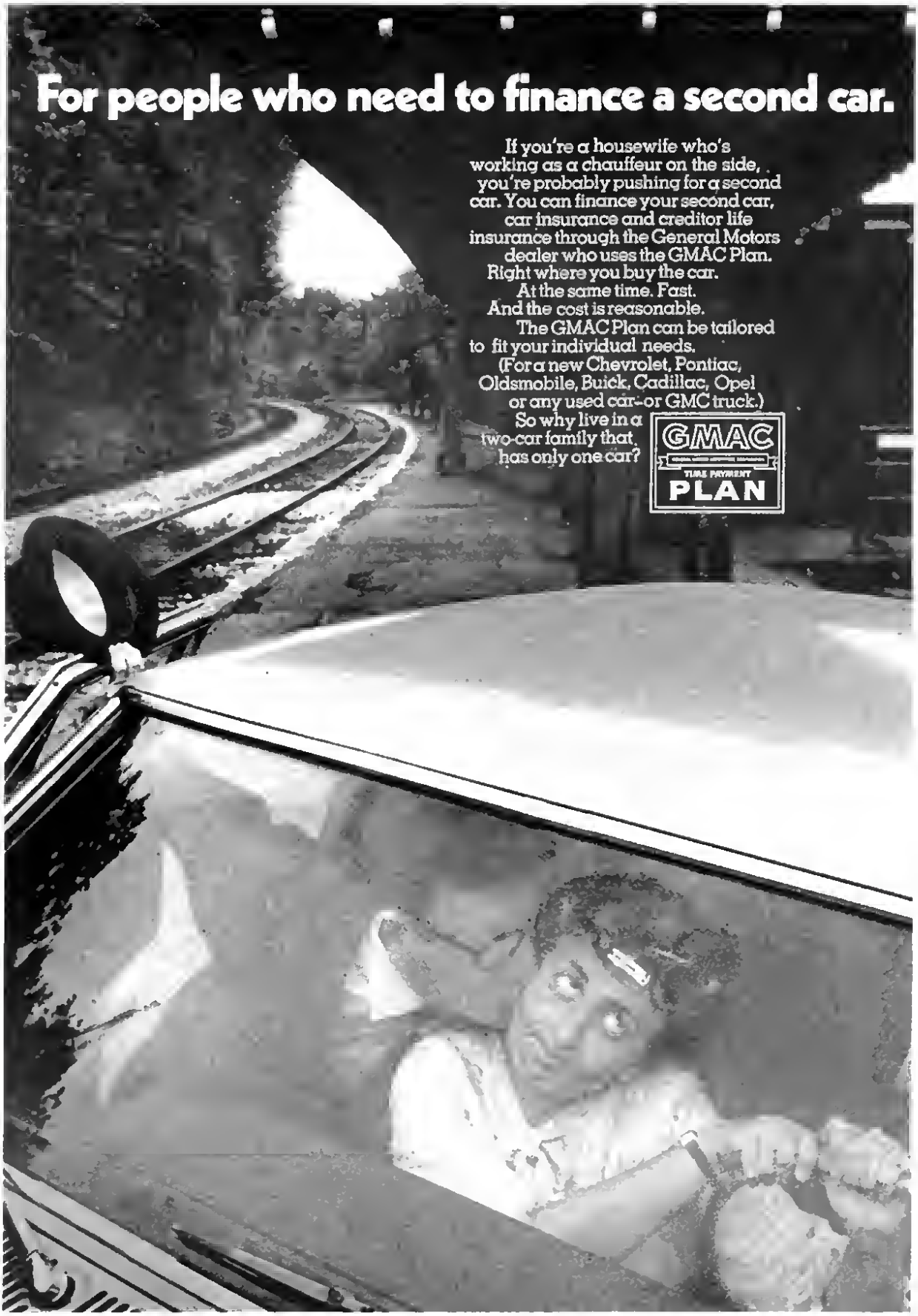
So we fixed ourselves up with a ski-boat, organizing a beach rendezvous with the skipper at 6 a.m. the next morning. We returned to the lodge and went to bed early. I gave the night-lifing animals little thought and had a good—if short—sleep. We were up at 4 30 and off to the coast again. We made the beach just as the sun was rising. The sea had settled down, and it looked very promising, except that there was no skipper and no boat. A great weariness settled over me. I couldn't count the times I've been let down by charter-boat skippers, from west Cork to west Africa. I couldn't forecast what the explanation was going to be this time. Trouble with the cooling system, trouble with the crew, no bait, no fuel, bad forecast, simple fatigue on the skipper's part. The best I ever heard, and it had the merit of honesty, was conveyed to me by a small boy after I had waited for three hours on a remote Northern Ireland quay. "Mr. Murphy, sir," he said, "is lying full, in Ballycastle."

Feely was all for searching out our particular renegade, but I knew we couldn't win. "Let us," I said calmly, "return to that pleasant-looking hotel we passed on the way here and eat a good breakfast at our leisure." Somehow I was beginning to feel that I'd had Zululand. Old African hands say that if you are too long away from civilization you become what they call "bush happy." I had picked up the condition in three days flat. I was beginning to think, with sharp nostalgia, of the air-conditioned cocktail bar in the Edward Hotel in Durban, of the pleasant terrace of my room from which I could watch the surfers swooping in as I ate iced papaws. "Tell me, Jim," I said. "Does anyone do charter fishing out of Durban?"

They did all right. Twenty-four hours later I was aboard Jim Starke's *Skipjack*, 40-odd feet of gleaming white paint, burnished metal work and scrubbed deck, the kind of boat you could fish from in your best pants. I eased myself luxuriously into the fighting chair, swinging it round gently. It was the last day I had to fish in South Africa, and I was going to enjoy it.

Enoch and Edward followed close behind with a handcart full of fish.

continued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Starke turned out to be an American, an ex-U S. Navy commander. In the summer he fished marlin out of the Bazaruto Islands in Portuguese East Africa, then came back to Durban for the autumn and winter season. He was a neat, dapper, tanned man, and when he talked about barracuda he *meant* barracuda, not kingfish. That alone I found a great relief. Jim Feely came aboard and I said, "At last you're going to see some fishing." Jim nodded politely.

"We'll have to find the blue water," said Starke. The Mozambique Current swings erratically at times. Sometimes it is within casting range of Durban pier. But it is often necessary to go 20 miles out to find it, and we had to find it. Starke reckoned there was nothing in the cooler green water. It was too late in the year for marlin, he said, even if we had a fortnight to spare to look for one. There were still a few sailfish about, but the main sport was likely to be with the smaller game species. There were a lot of king, but they were best fished drifting with strip bait. Otherwise there could be wahoo, yellowfin tuna, kingfish (*i.e.*, the South African jack), barracuda and, probably, a species of bonito that sounded unfamiliar to me.

We decided to troll with artificials only, a couple of tuna feathers splashing in the wake, and two six-inch spoons fished deep on metal lines. Starke's crewmen, Enoch and Edward, busied themselves readying the gear. They were quick and efficient, and we had the lures out trolling at *nine* knots the minute we hit the blue water.

Or, at least we had three of the lures out. Before the fourth was in the water there was a beautiful screaming strike on one of the spoons, and I was in business again as the line cut through the dark blue water and the rod bucked against a backdrop of the gleaming white of Durban's waterfront. I knew it wasn't a big fish, but even on the heavy gear it won line twice, three times after the initial run, and, even before I saw the dark back of the fish come up for Enoch to slip the gaff in, I knew what it was. A small yellowfin tuna, 30 or 40 pounds.

It was a couple of minutes, but no longer, before we found the fish again. A big school of porpoise was working south of us, and clearly herding fish. Every time we ran across their bows there were strikes, each time on the deep spoons. Jim Feely was now in the thick of it, yelling and laughing wildly as his rod plunged and the water around the stern was lashed white as Enoch and Edward worked with the gaffs. When we had a minute to stop and count there were 17 fish aboard, yellowfin and big bonito mostly, but king mackerel as well and a single barracuda.

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Larry Coy Toggery
plymouth
Famous Men s Wear
Pontiac
Dsmuns Town & Country
Hughes Hatcher Suffrin
port Huron
Sperry's
Andy Thomes
Richmond
Duengels Men's Wear
Rochester
Mitzelfeld's Dept Store
Roseville
Hughes-Hetcher Suffrin
Royal Oak
B L Sims Men's & Boys
Southfield
Hughes-Hatcher-Suffrin
Saginaw
Muller Bros Inc
Webster Men's Wear
Sturgis
Carl Rehm Clothes
Taylor
B L Sims Men s & Boys
Traverse City
Hamiltons
Union Lake
R M Dept Store
Utica
Anton's Men s Apparel
Van Dyke Clothiers
Warren
Osmun's
Hughes-Hetcher Suffrin
Wayne
Mulholland's
Ypsilenti
Haywerds

MINNESOTA
Hutchinson
Hartwig's

MISSOURI
Ballwin
Meson s Dept Store
Clinton
J L Goss Clo Co
Hazelwood
Goldes of Hazelwood
Jefferson City
Schnlders Mens Weer
Joplin
Newmen's
Kansas City
Foreman & Clerk Stores
Mecy's
Nevada
Shanks & Slereti
St Cheries
Petece Clo Co
St Louis
Goldes Dept Store
Herman's Toggery

NEBRASKA
Aurore
Morgan's Mens Weer
Beatrice
Schmitt's
Bellvue
Tne Nebraska
Southroads
Blair
Nelson Bros
Broken Bow
Fariss Mens Wear
Fremont
Herman Petersen
Philip s Dept Store
Tully s
Grand Island
Curry Sipple
Greenbergers
Hastings
C E Linn Co
J M McDoneld Co
Holdrege
The Man's Shop
Kearney
Cliff s Mens Wear
Lexington
Loudens
Lincoln
Ben Simon's
Millard
Lindley Clothing
Nebreska City
Rowe Clothiers
Norfolk
J M McDoneld Co.
No Plette
Hirschfeld's
Omaha
The Nebraska
Philip's Dept Store
Tully's
Seward
Engler Clothing
Superior
Rey Ruth's
Wahoo
Lindley Clothing
Weyne
Swen-McLean

OHIO
Ashland
The Toggery
Athens
Robert's Mens Shop
Bellefontaine
Buchenroths Inc
Bluffton
Geiger & Diller
Cambridge
Tyson s Men's Weer
Cincinneti
Ritz Dept Store
Deleware
Anderson Clothing
Eaton
Moysey Brothers
Elyria
Harry's Mens Wear
Gallipolis
Thomas Clothiers
Ironton
Edelson's Mens Shop
Jay's Mens Shop, Inc.
Kenton
Boyd's
Lancaster
The Hickle Co
Plaze Men's Shop Inc
Lebanon
Keever's Mens Shop
Lima
The Leader
The Squire Shop
Mansfield
Fashion-Lane Clothiers
H L Reed Co
Marion
Weller Axthelm Inc
The Uhler Phillips Co.
Marysville
Otte's
Middleport
Bahr Clothiers
Middletown Plaze
Myers Ltd
Newark
Southgate Men's Shop
Oxford
Jeck's Corner Store
Portsmouth
Phil Wolff
St Marys
Kellermeyer Mens Weer
Toledo
LaSalle & Koch Co
Troy
Longendelpher's Mens Weer
Van Wert
Ken Gribler Clothing
Wepakoneta
Zolkie Clothing Co
Wilmington
South Mens Wear
Woodsfield
Diehl s Inc
Wooster
Nick Amsler Clothing

SOUTH DAKOTA
Brookings
Quail s Clothing
Mitchell
The Toggery
Sioux Falls
Norman's Mens Weer
Yanklon
Henny s Mens Weer

WISCONSIN
Antigo
Paul's Store
Appleton
Behnke s Clothing
Ashland
Stern & Field
Beaver Dam
Lisser & Meier
Beloit
McMeeny's
The National
Black River Falls
K Ferries Clothiers
Brookfield
Boston Store
T A Chapman Co.
Chippewa Falls
Herberger's
Cudahy
Dretzka's Dept Store
Ft Atkinson
Jim's Shop
Glendale
Boston Store
T A Chapman Co.
Green Bey
Nau's Mr Shop
Stiefel's
White Store
Hertford
Delaney s
Hartland
Jacobs
Hurley
Paul's Store
Janesville
R M Bostwick & Son Mens Store
La Crosse
Continental
Doerflinger's
Madison
Bormenns
The Hub
Milwaukee
Boston Store
T A Cheomen Co.
Jac F Donges
Gieringer Palace,
Pantke-Harpke Co.
Stanley's
Minocque
Ross Sportswear
Monroe
Schuetze's
Oconomowoc
Jacob's
Oshkosh
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DON'T FORGET... EVERY LITTER BIT HURTS

Dad! Mom! Please . . . lead the way to the litter basket. Use car litter-bags, too. Make it a family project to keep streets, highways litter-free.

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

Starke worked the boat hard from the bridge, circling again and again in front of the porpoise. When pressed, Jim Feely admitted that it beat snooping on flamingos.

It looked as if the feather lures on the surface weren't earning their keep, and I was just going to take them in to check them when one was grabbed violently and I was in action again. I'd moved into a routine with the fish I'd been taking, making them fight for every inch of line on the first run, then hammering them in mercilessly to the side. After the first couple of fish, you don't fumble anything, you know just what they are going to do and you beat them swiftly and economically. This was a different kind of fish. The runs were more powerful, the changes of direction swifter. And there was another new thing. Each time the fish stopped there came a succession of arm-wrenching thumps, as if someone had the rod tip in his hands and was pulling it down. It was a long time before I could bring the fish near the boat, then Enoch, hanging over the gunwale and looking into the clear water, shouted "Kingfish!" and in the end I could see the broad side in the water and the high forehead of the fish, and the heavy scutes along the lateral line. Around 70 pounds of kingfish. If it fought like that from a boat, on charter tackle, you could see why the boys on Mission Rocks wore body harnesses. I was all ready to go again when Starke looked down from the bridge and said, "Sorry. One o'clock." It wasn't that he wanted to go in. I had a flight booked to Johannesburg that afternoon and my suit was below ready for a quick change on board, with a clean shirt and all the rest of my luggage.

So I disembarked like a city gent, an effect made a little more bizarre by the fact that Enoch and Edward followed me close behind with a handcart full of fish. The longshoremen didn't know whether to put me down as a fish merchant or an illegal immigrant. Jim Feely was also following close behind. "Tell me now," he was saying, "how much would I have to pay for a rod like the one I was using . . . ?" **end**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by DICK RUSSELL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

In this era of the draft dodger, HOUSTON's (5-3) Doug Rader must be a source of pride to his Army Reserve unit. The 24-year-old could hardly wait to catch a flight home for a brief hitch. After all, the military couldn't be more threatening than his last week in New York. Rader, who precipitated a brawl in an earlier series against the Mets, received more than 40 threatening letters from irate fans, "talking about guns and knives and getting me at the hotel." Teammate Rusty Staub, whose red hair resembles Rader's, even pasted his own name on the back of his uniform, explaining, "I don't want them to get the wrong guy." Rader left for the Army, and the only major eruption came from the Astros themselves, who moved into ninth place behind Don Wilson's two shutouts and home runs in four consecutive games by Jim Wynn. Injuries proved a blessing in disguise for CINCINNATI (6-1). Mack Jones, Fred Whitfield and Pat Corrales—all filling in for regulars—drove in 16 runs as the Reds moved back into third place. The team averaged a rousing .348 and made Tony Cloninger's first shutout in two years look easy. Predictably, SAN FRANCISCO's (4-2) Juan Marichal won two more games. Amazingly, he finished just one of them. When Marichal left after five innings against the Phils, it marked only the second time in his last 99 victories, dating back to 1964, that he did not complete a winning effort. All of a sudden ATLANTA (3-3) found ST. LOUIS (3-4) was not invincible. Big pitching jobs from Pat Jarvis and Milt Pappas—who beat the Cards for the first time and now has defeated every team in baseball—meant two victories. The Cards finally were hit by injuries as Curt Flood, Johnny Edwards and Julian Javier all came up ailing. Nobody felt the hitting famine harder than NEW YORK (3-3) rookie Jim McAndrews, who naturally hails from Lost Nation, Iowa. Though his earned-run mark fell below 2.00, he lost his fourth straight game. The Mets have yet to score a run for him in 24⅔ innings. CHICAGO (2-6) fans poured in at 30,000 per game during one series, but the Cubs then fell victim to two shutouts and lost six in a row. PITTSBURGH (3-3) won one game on Chris Cannizzaro's first major league homer but quaked when Roberto Clemente announced he would retire unless his shoulder ailment healed. Don Lock's grand slam homer provided the only lift for slumping PHILADELPHIA (3-4), while LOS ANGELES (1-4), third in mid-June, descended into the cellar.

Standings: StL 79-45, Cin 63-56, SF 64-56, Atl 63-60, Chi 64-61, Pitt 59-64, Phil 56-65, NY 57-69, Hou 56-69, LA 54-68

AMERICAN LEAGUE

It was the 11th inning and DETROIT (4-2), having blown a seven-run lead, was struggling to hang on against the Red Sox. Bill Freehan, who had needed a dozen salt tablets, two quarts of orange juice and three shirt changes just to stay in the game, was due up. He ambled to the plate, 12 pounds lighter than he was in the first inning, and promptly laced a two-out home run into Fenway Park's left-field screen. It was a typical Tiger finish—the 31st time the team had rallied to win after the seventh inning. A .385, nine RBI week from Norm Cash helped, too, to keep Detroit safely atop the league. Everything came in threes for NEW YORK (6-1). The Yankees came up with a three-run ninth, a three-run first and a three-run homer by Andy Kosco, and they amounted to three victories. Also buoying the Yankees was Al Downing, sore armer most of the season at Binghamton, who pitched seven strong innings. Though Mike Andrews (.433) sparked the BOSTON (5-3) attack, two pitchers also got in some licks. Ray Culp singled home the winning run in a 2-1 victory, and Juan Pizarro's suicide squeeze won a game against the Tigers. Don Buford scored nine of BALTIMORE's (5-3) 32 runs as the Orioles stayed within range of first place. Their most unlikely hero was Paul Blair, who entered one game as a pinch runner and scored the tying run, then doubled home the clinchers the next inning after tripping over first base. WASHINGTON (3-4) moved to within five games of ninth as veteran Camilo Pascual won his 11th game. CLEVELAND (3-4) claimed three one-run decisions, including a three-hitter by Sonny Siebert. That was possible, of course, only when Jose Cardenal, the team's own mystic, burned his necktie to shake the seven-game losing streak. The one bright spot for CALIFORNIA (3-4) was the sudden ability of Tom Satriano to produce runs. An Oriole buddy, Don Buford, gave Satriano one of his extra bats, and the result was nine RBIs in five games. MINNESOTA's (3-5) Jim Kaat moved ever closer to winning a steak dinner from pitching mate Dean Chance. Whoever bats higher wins. With a game-winning, bases-loaded double, Kaat now is hitting .143. Chance stands at .060. Campy Campaneris (.308), hitting in his 15th straight game, has helped OAKLAND (2-5) match its 1967 victory total. In contrast, CHICAGO (3-6), using more than three pitchers per game, sank 27 games from first, lowest ebb in 18 years.

Standings: Det 78-44, Balt 71-51, Bos 67-57, Clev 66-60, Oak 62-60, NY 57-61, Minn 57-64, Cal 56-67, Chi 51-71, Wash 45-75

HIGHLIGHT

Except for those who operate from a rectangular slab of white rubber in mid-diamond, it has been—as everybody knows by now—a sparse season for baseball. And any farsighted hopes of filling the batting void must go farther than the current rookie crop. None of the first-year men excites memories of a young Mantle or Mays and, in fact, 19 of the 32 who have seen extended action are pitchers. The best of the lot is the Mets' Jerry Koosman, a 25-year-old from Appleton, Minn. with a 16-7 record, 1.87 earned run average and six shutouts—one short of the National League rookie record. Then there are the Yankees' Stan Bahnsen (2.13 ERA), the Angels' Tom Murphy (2.17), Pittsburgh's Bob Moose (2.41) and Cleveland Reliever Vicente Romo (1.58). So much for those who emulate their elders.

The only batting upstart is Cincinnati Catcher John Bench, a 20-year-old who ranks among the team leaders in three categories for the league's best hitting squad. In spring training, Reds' Manager Dave Bristol indicated Bench would be a big asset if he hit .220. He is now at .275 with 61 RBIs and drawing raves from people like Cardinal Manager Red Schoendienst, who says, "I've never seen a better catcher." After Bench, it is a long drop to Giant speedster Bobby Bonds (.252), hailed as Willie Mays' successor in center, Washington's Del Unser (.239), Houston's Hector Torres (.231) and Baltimore's Elrod Hendricks (.227). At least Unser and Torres have some consolation—both are hitting better than they did in the minors. For the fans, there is also a glimmer of hope. Of the first 20 selections in the June free-agent draft, 11 were outfielders and only four were partial to that rectangular white slab.

KOOSMAN: EMULATING WELL

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA The East and the West shared honors in a two-game series for the Rev Dr Martin Luther King Jr Memorial campaign as the EAST All Stars won the first game 77 61 at the Singer Bowl in Flushing Meadow on Long Island and the WEST took the second 108 104 in Philadelphia Proceeds amounting to more than $150,000 will be divided between the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and New York City's Youth and Physical Fitness Fund

BOATING—U S 5 5-meter Champion GARDNER COX won the first of a seven race series in the Olympic trials for the class off California's Newport Harbor Yacht Club (*page 44*)

A low score of 52 points earned veteran skipper EARL ELMS of San Diego the Heinzerling Trophy and an unprecedented third consecutive National Snipe Class Championship off Alamitos Bay, Calif Runners up, by 9 8 points in the best six of seven races were Jim Warfield and Cort Willmott, both of San Francisco

GOLF—PGA Champion JULIUS BOROS blasted out of a trap, then sank a 12-foot putt for a birdie on the final hole at the $250 000 Westchester Classic in Harrison, N Y and defeated three younger rivals by one stroke for the $50 000 first-place prize (*page 14*) Back in second at 273, were rookie Bob Murphy, Defending Champion Jack Nicklaus and veteran Dan Sikes

KATHY WHITWORTH scored an unofficial record-tying 62 in the final round of the $16,000 Holiday Inn invitational in Normandy, Mo and took the title for the third straight time, beating first- and second-round leaders Carol Mann and Judy Kimball by six strokes with a 206

JOANNE GUNDERSON CARNER of Seekonk, Mass waded her way through the flooded Birmingham (Mich) Country Club course to her fifth U S Women's Amateur title, defeating Seattle challenger and three-time winner Anne Quast Welts, 5 and 4 in the 36-hole final

HARNESS RACING—U S trotters swept the first three places in the $50 000 Gotham at Yonkers Raceway when the Billy Haughton entry of CARLISLE ($4 80) and Flamboyant finished one, two in the field of nine, followed by Sir Taffee, a 50-to-1 long shot, in third

Hambletonian Hopeful Nevele Pride broke stride as well as an 18-race winning streak when he lost the first heat, and then summary prize of the $16 730 Review Futurity at the Illinois State Fair SNOW SPEED was the winner

France s redoubtable Roquépine looked less than that in the $30 000 Prix d Europe for trotters as she finished eighth to THETISIV (59 to 4) in the field of 16 at the Enghien racetrack near Paris

HORSE RACING C V Whitney's lightly regarded CHOMPION ($31 20) picked up $55,802 for his owner and a first stakes victory for himself when he upset Forward Pass Calumet Farm's Kentucky Derby Preakness and American Derby winner, by 1¾ lengths in the $85 850 Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs The win *only* Champion's second in 12 outings this season generously compensated for his previous failures and upped his 1968 earnings to $87 742

Irish-bred LUDHAM ($6 40) made Arlington Park's $54 200 Matron Handicap her fourth American victory in six starts (U S earnings $75,980) by finishing six lengths ahead of Palee Canyon in the 1⅛-mile grass race for fillies and mares

MOTOR SPORTS—Scotland s JACKIE STEWART runner up to Graham Hill in the 1968 championship driver standings drove his Matra-Ford to a 4 6-second victory over New Zealander Chris Amon in a 110-mile Guards International Gold Cup Formula I race in Oulton Park, England On their way to the one-two finish both Stewart and Amon set lap records of 110 44 mph while Hill who dropped out of the race with engine trouble at the seventh lap, had earlier unofficially raised it to 111 mph

The 100-mile Tony Bettenhausen Memorial race at the Illinois State Fair—a USAC Championship event—was taken by Tucson s ROGER McCLUSKEY, with a winning time of 1 06 37 Larry Dickson of Marietta, Ohio finished second, 10 seconds back

SOCCER NASL ATLANTA held fast to the lead in the Eastern Conference Atlantic Division despite losing a 4–1 game to NEW YORK Trinidadian Warren Archibald, all of 140 pounds, scored three unassisted goals for the Generals, then set up another WASHINGTON, meanwhile, won two straight games in pursuit of the first-place Chiefs, came within five points of the leaders and took over runner-up spot Sweden's Lars Hennemann scored both goals (the second with only three *minutes* remaining) in the Whips 2 1 victory over Baltimore then spurred the team on its way again with the first goal in a 5–3 win over Vancouver BALTIMORE lost two games, and BOSTON, still in the cellar, took St Louis by surprise and beat them 3–1 after scoring three second-half goals within 14 minutes CLEVELAND retained its 13-point lead over CHICAGO in the Lakes Division with a 4–1 rout of last-place Detroit while the Mustangs, entrenched in second, also took their game with TORONTO 4–1 DETROIT, 0 1-1 for the week and 5-17-4 for the season, lost Coach Len Juhans but acquired André Nagy (fired by Washington two weeks ago) SAN DIEGO and OAKLAND were not scheduled but stayed on top of the Western Conference Pacific Division, VANCOUVER lost its game LOS ANGELES tied one In the Gulf Division KANSAS CITY split two games and remained in first while second-place ST LOUIS closed the gap to seven points, posting two victories over Dallas and a loss to Boston HOUSTON, still *in contention, won two games,* DALLAS dropped three

TENNIS—Fighting back after an earlier upset (and first American Davis Cup loss this year) home-towner Clark Graebner staged a comeback in his 9 7, 6–3 6-1 defeat of Juan Gisbert at the interzone semifinals in Cleveland It clinched the series for the U S 4-1 over Spain (*page 53*)

Aussie KEN ROSEWALL took the men s singles title at the $20,000 Colonial National Invitation tournament in Fort Worth 6–4 6–3 over Spain's *Andres Gimeno, while Defending Champion and* No 1-ranked Rod Laver (*page 22*) was eliminated in the second round by Mal Anderson

California's top-seeded, sturdy but swift southpaw KRISTY PIGEON battled through a 56-minute final match in the U S Girls' championships at the Philadelphia Cricket Club to win the title from Linda Tuero of Metairie La 6-4 6-4 Miss Pigeon then teamed with Denise Carter, also of California, to take the doubles

MILEPOSTS—ABOLISHED By the executive committee of the PGA, its tournament committee (including player-members Gardner Dickinson, Jack Nicklaus, Frank Beard and Doug Ford) PGA President Max Elbin said that the executive committee will assume complete control of the pro tour " under all circumstances and for all time " The tournament players had announced earlier in the week a split with the association and formed their own organization to be known as the American Professional Golfers.

SOLD For an estimated $4 million by National Equities, Inc , the BOSTON CELTICS, NBA's venerable championship team for nine of the past 10 seasons, to P Ballantine & Sons of Newark, N J. Plans are to keep the team in Boston with Red Auerbach remaining as executive vice-president and general manager, and Bill Russell—who has yet to sign his contract—returning as player-coach

SYNDICATED For a projected value of $3,200,000, Tartan Stable's DR FAGER to stand at stud in his home state of Florida at the beginning of the 1969 season The 4-year-old son of Rough 'n Tumble-Aspidistra holds career earnings of $832,892 for 15 firsts, two seconds and a third, having finished out of the money only once—the 1967 Jersey Derby

CREDITS

15, 16—Tony Triolo 18—Arthur Shay 20, 21—Don Uhrbrock Frank Teti Cornista 5 22, 23—Larry Cooke, AP Frederic Lewis UPI, FPG 24—Shaady & Long 32—Stuart Smith 33—George Silk—LIFE, Arthur Shay—LIFE 34—AP, 35—Stuart Smith; 43—bottom, Dan Haidesty 44—Shaady & Long 53—Tony Tomsic, 73—AP 74—John Fultan—Topaka Capital Journal (1)

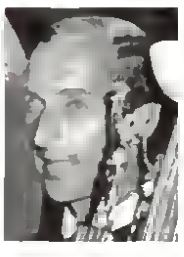
FACES IN THE CROWD

JANET NEWBERRY made the USLTA 16-and-under championship her third major triumph over fellow-Californian Kristien Kemmer this season, when she defeated Miss Kemmer, the nation's No 1-ranked 16-year-old and defending titlist, 6–1, 6–3 in Lake Bluff, Ill

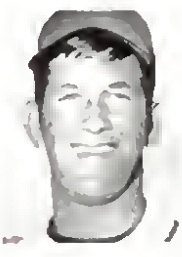
PACE MERRILL, a determined 14-year-old from Baraboo, Wis , urged officials at the National High School Rodeo in Topeka, Kans to recheck their tabulations They did, discovered an error, and named Freshman Merrill the All-Around cowboy of the contest

RUTH HENGEN, a 52-year-old grandmother from Snyder, N Y , led all qualifiers at the U S Women's Horseshoe Pitching Championships in Middlesex, N J. with a 72'½ ringer average, then took the title, defeating Virginian Cindy Dean in the final match

HARDY WARD, the 1966 U S archery champion (at the age of 16) and last year's runner-up, regained the men's crown at the meet in Tahlequah, Okla by outshooting his greatest rival, Ray Rogers (the defending titlist and world champion), by 10 points



SIEGFRIED KOCH, a chemical lab technician from Chicago one-time campaigner on the West German national cycling team (1960 65) —joined the Alberta Cascades for the Tour de la Nouvelle France in Quebec, and won, completing 1,182 miles in 51 02 20.



JIM STEDMAN, star for the Libby (Mont.) American Legion baseball team, struck out 184 (including 32 in a doubleheader) in 95 innings for a 1 23 ERA and a 10-6 won-lost record. Jim, currently batting 340, also is leading his team with 10 home runs

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PRECEDENTED DECISION

Sirs:

I am a charter subscriber, and this is my first letter to one of my favorite and more enjoyable magazines. In "They Said It" (SCORECARD, July 22) you attribute to Chief Justice Earl Warren: "I always turn to the sports section first. The sports page records man's accomplishments; the front page has nothing but man's failures." I read the quote many years ago—and at that time it belonged to the late William Lyon Phelps, professor of English literature at Yale.

WILLIAM M. CLINES

Los Angeles

• Professor Phelps, a sports enthusiast, tennis player, golfer, baseball fan and a distance runner in his college days, phrased the same thought somewhat less succinctly in his *Autobiography with Letters*: "The love of most men for sport and their absorbing interest in it cannot perhaps be defended rationally; it is an instinct going deeper than reason. . . . The fact that the majority of men turn first of all to the sporting page of the newspaper can be accounted for on the ground that the first page is usually a record of failures—failures in business, failures in the art of living together, failures in citizenship, in character, and many other things; whereas the sporting page is a record of victories. It contains some good news, a commodity so rarely found on the first page."—ED.

THE BLACK ATHLETE (CONT.)

Sirs:

I have read your highly illuminating series on the Negro athlete in the predominantly white colleges (*The Black Athlete—A Shameful Story*, July 1-29) and I confess that I found the situation astonishing. As a Negro and an educator I suppose the reason for my astonishment stems from the fact that the athlete is treated so differently in the predominantly Negro colleges with which I am familiar. These institutions would not admit anyone who did not have good potentiality as a student, and they deal with him as a student first and secondly as an athlete. Such a policy may not make for national championship teams, but it does contribute to the development of educated human beings and socially useful Americans.

The type of "slave" traffic described in the series—the hiring of bodies, exploiting them and discarding them when they are no longer of value—is despicable and demands the immediate attention not only of the coaches but the highest authorities in the colleges and universities involved.

Until the situation is changed, however, the young men with athletic ability who are also hungry for an education will find that the member colleges of the United Negro College Fund and other predominantly Negro colleges will be very pleased to consider their applications. Moreover, those who have the talent and desire to become professional athletes will find that the record indicates that attendance at a predominantly Negro college does not in any way jeopardize their chances.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED deserves the highest commendation and a Pulitzer Prize for having the insight to research the problem, the wisdom to assign a talented reporter to the job and the courage to report the story as it is.

STEPHEN J. WRIGHT
President
United Negro College Fund, Inc.
New York City

Sirs:

It has been my pleasure to work with Buddy Young, former Baltimore Colt star, in his present capacity as an executive of the National Football League. Young initiated and was the chief creative mind behind the recent association of the NFL and AFL with the world's largest nongovernmental professional employment service, Snelling & Snelling.

Called Career Opportunities, the program opens our 375 offices to professional-caliber football players for placement in business and industry. Moreover, it is designed to assist the many collegiate players who are scouted by the NFL and AFL but aren't up to a tryout at training camp.

We can undoubtedly open hundreds of doors for these young men, white and black alike.

RICHARD CHADWICK EOSTROM
Assistant vice-president
Snelling & Snelling, Inc.
Paoli, Pa.

Sirs:

I must be a tough, insensitive old bird but my sympathies don't quite reach the Negro athlete of the elm-lined campus or the remunerative professional leagues. The countless underprivileged youths of *all* colors who will never see the inside of a college institution reach me. The poor, the ignored, the orphans of all races in America stir me far more than the carping and wailing of Jack Olsen on the limited social life of the black college athlete. As one of the journalists here in England reminded his readers, the American Negro on the worldwide scale of "haves and have-nots" is on the side of the "haves." The athlete is often the new millionaire. More power to him, but I cannot weep for him.

Let me tell you what does concern me. Children starving in Africa. The TV news here almost nightly documents sights that will haunt me as long as I live. I saw starvation in Korea, but nothing like this.

With the misery, the degradation and slavery that confronts us all, I hope that all Americans will ignore the ignorance, snobbery and prejudice that will never quite be erased and concentrate on the alleviation of the lot of the oppressed throughout the world. It is here that our guilt and its cleansing must be found.

LIEUT. COLONEL FRANK A. REILLY
APO New York

CONTINUING CLIMB

Sirs:

Bravo on your article *A Summer Hike to Share* (July 22) by Rose Mary Mechem. The article and Hanson Carroll's fine pictures not only bring out the strong points in father-son relations but help to illustrate the need for conservation of our God-given country.

I am a Cub master for a pack in Italy and have a 7-year-old son of my own. While taking my son on a 25-mile hike (normal for us) up treacherous rock dominant in this country he said, "Come on, Dad, we have some mountains to climb." I'm still climbing.

JOHN H. COATS

FPO, New York

QUESTIONS

Sirs:

Someday, when one of your writers has the time, I would like him to write me a letter describing wherein lies the greatness of horse racing. I find the thought of intelligent men spending considerable time and effort to cultivate a breed of animals—beautiful as they may be—merely for their displays on a racetrack disgusting, to say the least. The people who persistently attend these races, with their concomitant squandering of supposedly hard-earned wages, present another point of disgust equally well.

The answer to my question is probably related to the fine and artistic tradition of horse racing as well as man's unavoidable compulsion to gamble. Such an answer, however, merely condones both the snobbery and selfishness of the rich as well as the easily curable "disease" of gambling.

The fact is that the world's priorities are changing. Sport's priorities are changing as well. We can no longer afford the aggrandizement of man's trivial activities and cults. Sport should be something that invigorates

continued

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the body and builds character. It should not be considered the exclusive mystique of the rich, as is horse racing

ELI GOODMAN

Philadelphia

Sirs

I'm gonna keep yelling my head off until someone like Ye Old Compleat Horseman answers. To wit: Is something seriously wrong with U.S. horse racing? Does pounding around the same dinky, iron-hard oval day after day hurt the horse? Break his legs? Drive him crazy? Has the whole scene been cheapened because distance racing has been curtailed?

And since today's Thoroughbred rarely goes more than a mile and a half or carries 130 pounds, how do you rate him? By money earned? Balderdash. Nowadays almost any run-of-the-mill plug can earn more loot in one afternoon than Man o' War could in a whole season.

I don't expect to get my answer from the Establishment. No. What I have in mind is the disinterested observer, the old-line horsy type who is in racing for the fun of it.

BILL DONNELLY

Tulsa

SUPPORT FOR McLAIN

Sirs:

How dare Mike Duffy attack Denny McLain in SI's August 12 letters section? He implies that the Tiger hitting is responsible for Denny's success. As Denny won his 25th victory last week, batting averages for the leading Tiger hitters stood at .274 for Horton and Kaline, .254 for McAuliffe and .251 for Freehan. That is hardly the kind of hitting to provide for a 25-3 record.

On the contrary, Denny McLain has steadied an erratic pitching staff and he will be the chief reason why the Tigers win the pennant this year.

MIKE DOYLE

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

FLIES IN THE OINTMENT

Sirs:

I was overjoyed to read Frank Deford's article on the National Flycasting League (*My Battle for Our Rightful Place at the Top*, July 22). Unfortunately, Commissioner Ford Frump did not cover the current problems that are facing this great sport and perhaps you can give me further information on the following points:

1) Whether it is true, "as their opponents alleged," that the Oakland Sea Lions are using the spit fly.
2) That Owner Horace Sturgeon is planning to move his franchise because of the competition from night heron racing.
3) The claim by players that this year's fish are much deader than those of the past seasons, and they have no chance of passing the fabulous Babe Roe's one-season record.
4) The dispute on whether the intentional tangle should be made automatic in order to speed up the game.
5) The decision by some owners to shorten the ponds to help their weak casters.
6) The players' demand for a bigger share for the use of their pictures on bait cards.
7) The reason that Sandy Codfish retired in his prime.

I am sure millions of other fans, in addition to myself, are interested in these vital questions. I sleep better at night knowing that Ford Frump is in the Whale House.

GERALD E. SELTZER

Oakland, Calif.

HEARTWARMING

Sirs:

I feel a warm surge of emotion every time I read a story dealing with a sport that is close to my heart. I felt this when I read the great piece by Joan Gould about Long Island Sound sailboat racing (*Wind from the Northeast*, Aug. 12).

The descriptions of the race were very accurate and familiar, right down to the roast beef sandwich from the delicatessen. The descriptions of the northeaster were equally true. I thank you for a story that a wonderful group of people can identify with.

TOM KANTER

Harrison, N.Y.

FAIR AND FREAKY

Sirs:

In his article on the 1968 PGA Championship (*The Junkman Cools It*, July 29), Dan Jenkins indicated that Aronimink Golf Club of Newtown Square, Pa. is considered a "freaky" golf course. I have been playing golf for about 30 years now, and it has always been my impression that to be classified as freaky a golf course must have some rather odd features, such as creeks wandering through fairways, trees in the middle of fairways, traps or unusual dogleg holes, all of which contribute to the necessity to play other than a standard, normal type of golf. Aronimink has no creeks at all, no trees in any fairway, no traps in any fairway, no dogleg holes that can be driven over or through and no par-4s more than 450 yards in length. It is a course that measures less than 7,000 yards from the back tees and is scenically quite attractive.

I would rather assume that your golf editor has never laid eyes on Aronimink and obtained his misinformation from some disgruntled "pro" attempting to excuse his own ineptness. However, look at the damage that has been done. In the Philadelphia area one does not belong to a freaky golf club, as that is just not the thing to do.

H. L. MURRAY JR.

Radnor, Pa.

First Perfect Game in the Major Leagues

The record books cell him John Lee Richmond of Brown Univereity—but the neme might eesily heve been Merriwell when he took time off from class to pitch for Worcester against Cleveiend **by JOHN HANLON**

Much of the drama of a "perfect" baseball game involves its total unpredictability, and perhaps none of the 10 perfect games pitched in the major leagues was more unlikely than the first to make the record books, the one thrown by John Lee Richmond on June 12, 1880.

Richmond, a lefthander, had just turned 23 and was about to graduate from Brown University when he pitched for Worcester against Cleveland that day in a National League game at Worcester's Fair Grounds. Richmond had come to Brown from Ohio and in 1879 he pitched his team to the college championship, beating Yale in the climactic contest through diligent use of his chief asset, a good curveball that was still a bit of a novelty. It was well he had the curve. The pitcher in those times, college and professional, made an underhand throw, and the batter, among other advantages granted him, was allowed to state where in the strike zone he preferred to have each pitch. Even then there were those who doubted that a ball could be made to curve, but Richmond once put on a demonstration for the Brown faculty to show that he truly pitched with "a curved delivery."

In the season of 1879, his junior year in college, Richmond first came to the attention of the major leaguers when he pitched two no-hit games. One was on June 2, when he was invited to pitch for the Worcester team—then in the minors—against Pop Anson's Chicago White Stockings, the reigning major league team of the era. Richmond allowed them only one base on balls in a game called because of rain after seven innings. Six weeks later he pitched a nine-inning no-hitter against Springfield in Worcester's own league.

In 1880 Worcester moved up for the first of the three seasons it would be represented in the National League. Richmond elected to forgo his last year of college ball and signed to pitch for Worcester whenever classroom work would permit until graduation and full time thereafter.

On June 10, a Thursday, Richmond

continued

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pitched his team to victory in the first game of a series with Cleveland, then took a train from Worcester to Providence to join his classmates in their commencement festivities. Friday evening's program consisted of the senior-class supper at a downtown Providence establishment called the Music Hall, and it went on through the night. Richmond caught a morning train for Worcester and his Saturday afternoon assignment against Cleveland.

Richmond, as usual, was not overpowering, striking out only five, but he obviously had his good stuff working despite his lack of rest. Only three balls went past the infield. Fred Corey caught one of them in center field. Alonzo Knight, in right, took a foul fly just outside the line in his territory. The other one made up the outstanding play that, almost traditionally, every no-hit pitcher gets behind him on the way to his feat.

It happened in one of the middle innings, and it was Alonzo Knight's doing. Cleveland's Bill Phillips drilled a ball into Knight's area. Instead of fielding it and tossing to second to hold the runner, Knight charged the ball and fired it underhand to Jim Sullivan at first base, and Phillips was called out by the umpire, Foghorn Bradley.

Worcester scored its run in the fifth inning. Fred Irwin started things with his second hit, one of only three that Worcester got off Cleveland's manager and star pitcher, James McCormick (Richmond got the other). Irwin eventually scored when Cleveland's rookie second baseman, Fred (Sure Shot) Dunlap, made two errors on a potential double-play ball. It was the only run Richmond needed.

After the eighth inning a five-minute cloudburst halted play and left the field thoroughly soaked. Even this didn't trouble Richmond. With a heap of sawdust beside him on the mound to help keep the ball dry, he finished off the job without incident.

Richmond played four more seasons in the majors and during the same period was a medical student at the University of the City of New York (now NYU). After he received his degree he was a practicing physician in Ohio for a decade. Then he turned to education and had a distinguished career in Toledo, first at the high-school level and then at the University of Toledo. He died in 1929 at the age of 72. **END**

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